

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE COMTE DE PARIS.—(See page 2.)

## ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

## ALL AMONG OURSELVES

ARE the industrial clouds that lowered o'er our heads lifting?

YES, I think all the signs are pointing unmistakably to a clearer and healthier business atmosphere. But the politicians must give us a rest.

I REGRETTED to see in President Cleveland's late letter to Mr. Catchings the unveiled threat of more tariff-tinkering in the near future. I allude to his declaration that the new tariff "furnishes a vantage-ground from which must be waged further aggressive operations against protected monopoly and governmental favoritism." Let us hope that this is only for effect among the Democratic rank and file, among whom Mr. Cleveland wishes to be understood as taking his place in denouncing the compromise tariff.

THE President is too clear-headed not to see that what the country now needs is a protracted rest from all agitations calculated to promote a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty among business men. The pernicious effects of such agitations were shown during the long discussions over the provisions of the new tariff. Never was the country in a worse plight. But confidence is at last restored, and nothing must be done to shake the faith of our people in the near approach of better times.

THE Federal Constitution provides that an Act of Congress may become law without the signature of the President if ten days, excluding Sundays, elapse after its passage, without either his veto or signature, provided that Congress does not in the meantime adjourn. Taking advantage of this constitutional provision, President Cleveland allowed the Gorman Senate Bill to become law August 28, without his signature.

As foreshadowed in these columns several months ago, the present Democratic Administration and Congress were determined to pass a tariff law with the brand and trademark Democratic upon it, to take the place of the McKinley Law. It was not to be expected that President Cleveland, by vetoing this measure, would allow the present Congress to go home for the fall campaign without having something on the subject of the tariff to show for the time spent at the Capital of the Nation. The Gorman Law was not agreeable to the President, but he finally accepted the situation that it was the only tariff bill that would pass. The subject should not be reopened during Mr. Cleveland's term of office. The country should be allowed to see the working of the measure for two or three years at least.

CONGRESS has gone home, and the people and newspapers ought to let the tariff rest, at least until Congressmen return to their post in December.

THERE must be other things worth discussing besides the new duties on imports. There is not a very great difference, anyhow, between the new rates and those once in force under the McKinley Law. Why should we force ourselves to believe that we have a brand new thing in the tariff line?

To be sure, little incidents may happen from time to time to remind us that the McKinley Law is no longer in force. It is expected, for instance, that imported goods will become fashionable even—some say, especially—among the poor.

BUT, unless work becomes more plenty and wages quit sliding down to the starvation point, the importer will find it as hard to sell clothes the coming winter as the home manufacturer did last week. A cheerful economist told me the other day that the great mass of the people were refusing to buy clothes and such things until they could buy them cheaper under the new tariff. He said our people have got into the habit of squeezing their nickels and quarters very tightly, and of course people who do that always grow rich. I see.

HERE is hoping that, if the big eagles and double eagles do not scream at the poor man's touch, the little eagles on the small change may know they are tightly held. The reign of economy is about to be inaugurated. If workmen do have to work for reduced wages, it is hoped, as President Cleveland and Mr. Wilson promised at the beginning of this agitation, that they will be more steadily employed. As this promise, however, was based upon free raw materials—for which, it seems, all the Democratic leaders are not ready as yet—we must be content at first with a gradual breaking down of high prices for commodities, accompanied, if not preceded, by a reduction of wages, economic living, and a general, all-round resignation to and acceptance of the present order of things, in the industrial, commercial and monetary world.

THERE is some prospect of concerted action for the settling up of new land at the West. We must enlarge our home market, and recruit our army of workmen who work for themselves. The commission just adjourned from Chicago, to begin again at Washington at an early date, can do no better than ascertain whether the real, practical remedy for what ails the labor world is not to be found in a redistribution of population under Government supervision and with Government aid, State and Federal. All other remedies are mere passing expedients. This remedy goes to the root of the evil. Much of the inquiry at Chicago was tending in that direction at the time of the adjournment.

My distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, the Hon. Allan Forman, editor and proprietor of the *Journalist*, remarks in the issue of his paper, of date August 25, that "the *Herald* has taken the cue" from ONCE A WEEK and come out "strongly advocating Colonel Cockerill for the Mayoralty." My honorable friend has all the keen political insight of his distinguished double in personal appearance, the Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. Perhaps Colonel Cockerill would not accept a nomination, as the *Journalist* seems to think, but I feel cocksure he would. I can indorse every word of the *Journalist* when it states that "if he (Cockerill) were elected we would be sure of having an honest Mayor, a brazen Mayor, an independent Mayor, and a Mayor who would reflect credit upon the city under all circumstances."

LET the Republicans of the metropolis, now that they seem to have found a suitable standard bearer for the gubernatorial contest in my distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, ex-Vice-President Morton, smother their little family disagreements and unite on Cockerill, or Reid, or Lemuel Eliphalet Jeremiah Obadiah Quigg, or Turner, or Wm. Bradford Merrill of the *Press*, or John Brisben Walker, the Napoleonic magazinist, or—

BUT why pile up the list on the Republican side? Let me come once more to the eligible journalists of the Democratic fold, like Dana of the *Sun*, Clarke of the *Journal*, Miller of the *Times*, Brown of the *News*, and Godkin or White of the *Post*. Is there anything the matter with Richard Watson Gilder of the *Century*? Why wouldn't he do in case of dire distress? Who could lead a forlorn hope with more powerful backing than the sleek little poet-editor of the *Century*? He would be a veritable *fin de siècle* candidate. No pun meant. But come to think of it the *Century* might suffer were Richard elected and installed in the executive chair. Still the man who (conjoined with White) was ready to put his hand in his pocket and reimburse Van Alen for the latter's disappointed hopes and lost greenbacks, could not be swayed by any mere business considerations from patriotically rushing to the assistance of the suffering metropolis. I don't know the size of the civic chair, but I am sure Richard would fill it somehow, however slim and small he may be. The nomination would please two distinguished friends and fellow-citizens inhabiting Gray Gables or thereabouts. I mean Grover Cleveland and genial Joe Jefferson.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON seems to have been persuaded by Mr. Platt to accept the Republican nomination for Governor, and the other aspirants, like Fassett and Miller, appear to be very much disappointed. But they will all unite and work heartily for Morton before election day comes.

AND, by the way, if Mr. Morton should be nominated, the chances, as viewed to-day, would be ten to one in favor of his election. It will not do for the Democrats to underrate the personal strength of the distinguished ex-Vice-President. The "bar!" cry will not serve this time any more than it did when Morton ran second to Mr. Harrison. There is tremendous dissatisfaction with the Democratic party, for one cause or another, throughout the State, and unless the leaders put up some really great and good man, they will be buried under an overwhelming Republican majority.

THE name of Judge Gaynor of Brooklyn has been favorably mentioned on account of the vigor displayed by him in the Gravesend election cases. But the Judge only did his duty, just as Judge Morgan J. O'Brien did his duty when called upon to adjudicate in perplexing election cases in another part of the State. Judge O'Brien is as much entitled to the distinction of the gubernatorial nomination as is Judge Gaynor, but the fact is neither should be asked to quit the field in which they have performed such distinguished services. Besides, while they are on the bench it is in a measure unseemly to force them into the position of mere partisans seeking the votes of the people. No, let us have some strong man not on the bench. Hill himself might do to stem the rising tide of Mortonism. Senator Murphy would not be a weak nominee. There is no member of the party more popular throughout the State than the junior Senator from New York—none more capable of successfully managing a great campaign.

CORNER Broadway and Pine Street is now in course of erection a new structure for the use of the American Surety Company. It is to be twenty stories high, and will overtop the spire of old Trinity!

WHAT next? The *Electrical World* declares that animal muscle may be increased forty per cent by the use of electricity. The possibilities of this discovery make the idea of lengthening life not so absurd as formerly supposed. But for the present it is enough to know that the thin, attenuated man with flabby muscle may be made stout and strong with hard, firm muscular tissue equal or superior to that of the Corbets and Sullivans.

A HUNGARIAN chemist—Dr. Johann Antal—has found the nitrate of cobalt to be a certain antidote for prussic acid poisoning. This is good news, coming at a time when the world is also assured that snake bites can be cured by a new remedy discovered by a French physician.

By the time these lines reach the reader the Count of Paris will have paid the last tribute. He was steadily failing, dying at his residence, Stowe House, Buckinghamshire, England, August 31.

THERE is, under the French Republic, no such title as that of Count of Paris. The distinguished person of that name is very little known to the world at large. He is supposed to represent the feeble movement in France for the restoration of royalty. As he found the end drawing near, however, he had a word of advice for the royalists of France.

His last political letter was addressed to the Baron Lambert. "France is beginning to yearn," wrote the dying soldier-royalist, "for a strong government to end scandals and avert dangers arising from the existing regime." But he added that the royalists must not allow themselves to become systematic obstructionists. In his sufferings, he concluded, he remembered always to pray for the well-being of France.

THE American people, I am sure, are sufficiently broad and generous to see genuine patriotism in these last words of this strong man, who does not believe in a Republic for France. Often, indeed, he who tastes the bitterness of exile loves his country with a more unselfish devotion than those who are at home. England, who sent out into exile so many of her own subjects, royal, noble and peasant, has given a home to this Frenchman, who claims the right to the throne of his native country, as she has given refuge to almost every exile who applied for shelter. Almost in sight of France, the Count of Paris dies in exile. He had a sumptuous residence, rented from Lady Kinlor, wife of Captain Morgan. An heir to the throne of France—of Louis XIV.—dying in a tenement! Inasmuch as he prays for his country, as he thinks of her at the last, as he dies deprived of even one glance at her sunny skies, and as he loves France and what he calls his principle more than he loves his own ease and pleasure—I call him a Man—a true Frenchman—a real patriot whose deathbed is hallowed with a sacred memory.



BUT, aside from these considerations that all the world appreciates, ONCE A WEEK readers will not forget that the Count of Paris was with us once upon a time. In company with his brother, the Duc de Chartres, and their uncle, the Prince de Joinville, the young Count, in the fall of 1861, when he was twenty-three years old, visited Washington, where the party was received with much cordiality by the Federal Government. The two young princes served on McClellan's staff with the rank of captains of volunteers, without pay, and with the privilege of resigning when they saw fit. They were with McClellan till the end of the Virginia campaign and the consequent retreat of the Army of the Potomac. In June, 1862, they returned home.

THE French Government of Napoleon III. was not friendly to the Union cause in 1862. The Count of Paris was the grandson of Louis Philippe, and even Napoleon III. was in a measure keeping the throne of the French from this lawful heir—just as the French Republic has been doing in recent years. Now that his career is ended, let us say of him that if France needed a king, the Count of Paris would probably have been a good one.

THERE is a school of geology which maintains that the present condition of the earth's crust and surface was brought about by great convulsions of Nature, by subsidences and upheavals of large areas of land and water, by tidal waves wiping out the existing configuration and sweeping living beings into quick and horrible death. In public schools I have seen pupils trying to realize these terrible ideal pictures of what the past far-distant aeons of geology witnessed.

BUT another school of geology is not so violent. These more restful and less sensational text books tell us that since living beings came upon the earth, at all events, there have been no more destructive cataclysms than we have witnessed ourselves and heard of in various parts of the world as Nature has left it to us of this more enlightened age.

DURING the summer months I am always inclined to accept this latter more soothing theory. For instance, last week we heard again of terrible forest fires in Michigan and Wisconsin. Fires were reported only a few weeks ago from the same region. In man's primitive condition it is supposable that even such local visitations by fire alone would work many changes in the earth's conformation, and would leave many fossil remains near the surface, to be covered up by the sediment of choked up forest streams through the ages that succeeded. But add to this the more terrible destruction by the inland floods, by Old Ocean bringing his storms and his waves nearer to the forest-clad islands and continents—and what protection did these cowering human children of Nature have from the fury of the elements? In Greece, in Java, in China, the flood, of river and ocean has swept hundreds of thousands of human beings before it in the last few years.

THESE facts may not be sufficient to explain what the older geologists find, unless we allow hundreds of thousands of years to elapse during the processes of change that Man's period on earth has witnessed. But such reflections will not disquiet, while they may serve to fortify the average mind against the fear of these terrible things to come upon the earth, in our own day, foretold by certain eminent scientists—whose predictions, by the way, have the cheering and commendable habit of coming around all right "next time."

THE main point I wish to bring out here is, that if alleged cataclysms of the past did come upon the world just now, the Science that Man has stolen from these very destructive forces themselves might have something "to say" about the attempted wiping out by these forces formerly unconfined. We have plenty of time to think this alluring subject out between now and the next cataclysm.

MR. DANA of the New York *Sun* dearly loves to nag President Cleveland, and never loses an opportunity to do so. The latest occasion happens to be the letter to Congressman Catchings explaining the President's reasons for neither signing nor vetoing the new tariff bill. In that letter Mr. Cleveland uses the expression "the deadly blight of treason has blasted the counsels of the brave in their hour of might." Mr. Dana charges that the President stole this from the following lines in Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh":

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might!"

Alas and alack-a-day! this seems a case where a charge was well founded, but it is just possible that the President in his original draft of the Catchings letter used quotation marks omitted by the copyist.

It is an odd coincidence that a charge of plagiarism is also brought against Oscar Wilde by a correspondent of the *Sun*. Its London namesake published, a short time ago, a very pretty poem on the Irish shamrock,

claimed to be the work of Mr. Oscar Wilde. Rev. Wm. J. McClure of Mount Kisco asserts that the poem was written by a blind girl residing in Cork, and produces a copy of an Irish paper in which the poem appeared originally thirteen years ago. Well, well, Oscar! Why, oh! why did you do so? Did you think to rob a poor blind girl of her glory, or is the reverend accuser laboring under some singular error?

SPAIN has abrogated the customs arrangements whereby special rates were accorded to certain American imports into Cuba and Porto Rico. This is in retaliation for the summary wiping out of reciprocity treaties by our new tariff law.

In far-off Samoa Germany and England have begun to assist King Malietoa to put down his rebels. The first naval engagement was a curious spectacle. It must have made the seamen feel the ancient martial spirit of their ancestry welling up within them. An English warship and a German warship bombarded Luatuanu only to find it was evacuated, and then began to send broadsides into the bush where the rebels were supposed to be hiding.

THIS would certainly have been too much for even the wood-rangers of Hermann or Hengist in those old days, and I do not think it fair to follow these native rebels of Samoa now into the bush with iron-clads. A great question of alleged statesmanship and diplomacy gets in my way here. We are told that Samoa must be kept quiet, must be ruled by Malietoa, must, in a word, be brought into civilization. Yes, yes. But gunning in the bush, with two warships, for rebels who seem to have more friends than the King has, looks wrong to a lover of fair play—a kind of play that civilization does not always respect, 'm sorry to say.

TIMES must be hard, authors' chances scarce, and raw material of inferior quality, in the world of letters, when such a pretentious institution as the Editor's Drawer in *Harper's Magazine* is obliged to publish a cheap adaptation of Mark Twain's snowstorm scene in the Far West. "Fog," by Hayden Carruth, in the September number, is the story of a Staten Island ferry-boat "that spins around like a kitten chasing its own tail" during twenty-one hours in the fog off Bedloe's Island. The sketch is quite readable, too, until the reader finds his old acquaintance "round and round" transformed to make a second-hand holiday.

THE torpedo boat *Ericsson* arrived in New York from Dubuque, August 30, having come all the way from the Dubuque Iron Works on American waters. She was towed from Dubuque to St. Louis, on account of low water in the Mississippi at the time, and did not get her propellers until she reached the latter place. She started from St. Louis August 8 under her own power, and reached New Orleans, where it was found that all the blades but one of the two cast-iron propellers had been broken off by obstructions in the river.

THE *Ericsson* was put in dry dock and her bronze propellers were shipped. From New Orleans she went to Pensacola, in the Gulf; then to Port Royal, on the Atlantic; and reached Fortress Monroe Wednesday, August 29. She went by us here in New York and Brooklyn as though she did not know anybody in this neck of woods; and hurried on to New London, Conn., where her speed trial is to take place.

THE *Ericsson* is the first member of the new navy that was ever built on the Mississippi River. It is believed that she will prove one of the most efficient vessels of her kind afloat. Her only projections above the water line are two straw-colored smoke-pipes, a flagstaff in the rear, her conning tower and a temporary mast amidships. Torpedoes and small rapid-fire guns compose her armament. Her motive power was specially designed by the Bureau of Steam Engineering. It consists of two propelling engines placed in a water-tight compartment. The boilers are calculated for a working pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch, and to give 412 revolutions of the propellers per minute. The weight of all machinery complete for operations is a little more than fifty tons.

THE torpedo boat herself is 150 feet long; 15 1-2 feet beam; 4 3-4 feet draught of water; 150 tons displacement; estimated speed, 24 knots. She was contracted for in September, 1891, was to have been completed within a year, and has cost her builders a great deal of money in penalties imposed from time to time.

WE are sure to hear a good deal about the affairs of Great Britain from this time forward, as object lessons for this country. I have always insisted that the Wilson-Cleveland tariff scheme was originally based upon a careful study of the legislation and the industrial conditions of Great Britain at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws under Peel. But, as the tariff question here is settled for a while, and as I wish to see it stay settled for a few years at least, we must pass that.

A GENERAL survey, however, of the plans of British statesmanship will be found instructive at this time. Subsidies in this country have always been denounced by that school of American political economists that is in the habit of pointing with pride to the wisdom of British statesmanship. Yet, at this time we can see a case of subsidy that no other nation ever attempted but Great Britain. English companies own 160,000 miles of submarine cable, costing \$150,000,000, and paying nearly fifteen per cent profit on the investment. Both by subsidies and by patronage, which amounts to the same thing, the British Government has done everything in its power to facilitate the laying of these cables. In nearly every instance the preliminary surveys have been carried out by the British Naval authorities.

IN return for this, the articles of incorporation guarantee to the British Government that all Government and Colonial dispatches shall enjoy priority of transmission; that no foreigner shall be employed by any of these cable companies, and no wire shall pass into any office or be under the control of any foreign Government; and that in case of war, all the servants of the companies shall be replaced by Government officials.

I AM not complaining of this, for it is first-class management and good statesmanship. It is also the doctrine of subsidy carried to extreme lengths. We might let the course of British journals pass in their constant criticism of our comparatively feeble attempts at subsidizing; but the whole commercial history of Great Britain is made up of subsidies, tariffs, and enforced commercial treaties, to build up British manufactures and commerce. It seems that now, Great Britain no longer needing tariffs and such devices, the rest of the world should not adopt them. What that country has got through with no other Government ought to need in its commercial and industrial development.

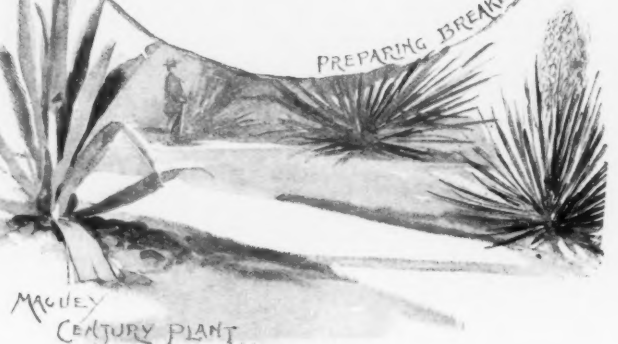
THE fact is that Great Britain was the first great nation that used tariffs, subsidies and government supervision of great enterprises to build up her commerce and add to her wealth, and the result is that today the rest of the world is her creditor to the extent of several hundred millions of dollars a year in interest money alone. This is largely due to the fostering care of British statesmanship, and to that "paternal government" that so many of our timid statesmen fear to-day in this country.

BUT there is another source of Great Britain's wealth, another cause of her monetary solidity and pre-eminence. Great Britain not only looked out for the tariff and the subsidy, but she quietly stepped in and took control of the finances of the world by the issue of irredeemable "funds" to the extent of several thousand millions of dollars, three per cent upon which is payable in perpetuity, the principal being not payable at all. The average reader is familiar with the meaning of British Consols. But it may not be obvious that in these very "funds" is laid the foundation of a mastery over "standards," "coinage" and financiering generally that the civilized world to-day finds it difficult to dispute or resist.

LET us see. Money is worth three per cent to any man who needs it. It is worth more, has been worth more, to Great Britain and her great schemes. Take those cable lines, for example. But, let us not talk about that interest or those dividends. Great Britain has these "funds," a free gift, money that is not payable, as to the principal. Do you not think, all among ourselves, that this is, from a monetary standpoint, a decidedly if not deucedly good thing for Great Britain?

## OUR NEXT NOVELS.

TO readers of ONCE A WEEK one of the most acceptable attractions of its Library must be the wonderful variety found therein. It does not confine itself to one class of fiction, but carries the reader through all the classes of novels written by the very ablest authors on both sides of the Atlantic. Yesterday it was the intricacies of "The Game of Life," showing the curious complications that may flow from one little bit of unnecessary suppression or deceit. The day before it was the extremely fascinating mysteries of "The Idol," dealing with a no uncommon phase of French life. Further back readers were held spellbound by Rider Haggard's exciting story of "Nada, the Lily," and her adventures in the heart of Africa. September 15 the subject of the novel will be life on and off the stage, which David Christie Murray pictures in the most charming colors in his very entertaining romance called "A Rising Star." Mr. Murray may be called a rising star himself in the literary firmament of Great Britain. He has written many highly meritorious works of fiction, but this latest, which will be issued in the Library series on September 15, possesses qualities that stamp him as one of the most promising of English authors. The lives of actors and actresses on and off the stage always interest the public, and Mr. Murray, in the characters of his two heroines and of the two stage managers, presents very striking pictures, which some readers may perhaps suspect are portraits.

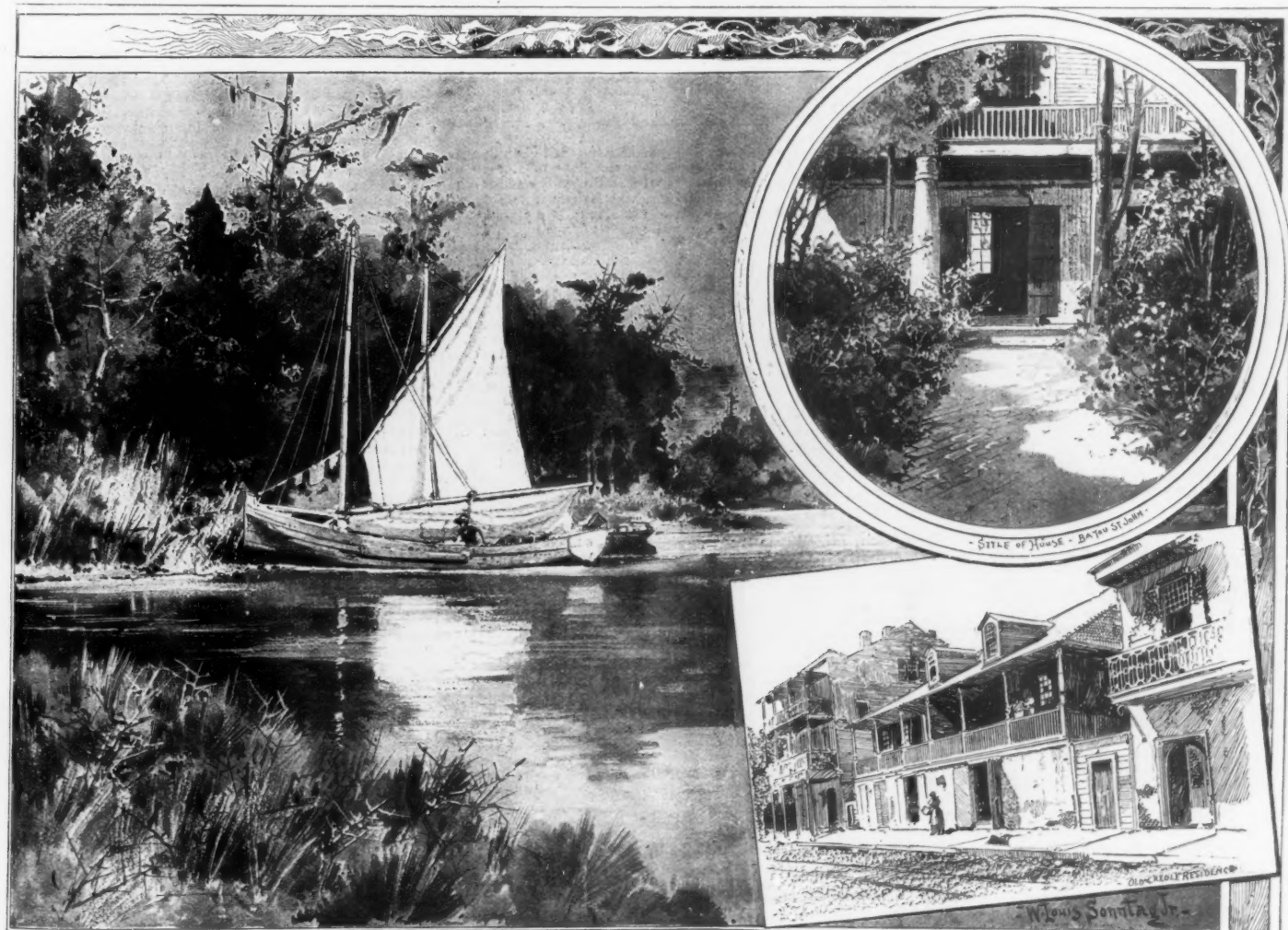


ALONG OUR FRONTIER.  
SCENES AMONG OUR MEXICAN CITIZENS IN TEXAS.  
(See page 15.)





LIFE SAVERS AT ROCKAWAY—GOING TO THE RESCUE ON THE CATAMARAN.



ON BAYOU ST. JOHN, NEW ORLEANS.—(See page 6.)



## NO. 3.—A BALCONY SCENE AND A MYSTERY.

PERHAPS nowhere can so much tree-shaded space be afforded for street car-lines as in this quaintest of all American cities. Laid out, if ever laid out at all, with the lavish ideas of space that still obtain in the South, commerce has never clamored so importunately at the doors of the old French town as to necessitate any contraction of the liberal boundary lines of her noble avenues. It is only when one turns aside into the narrow cobble-paved side streets, where the old curiosity shops blink at each other, under the shadow of the tall three-story houses, that one feels constrained to remember that one's elbows can do good service on occasion, if used aggressively.

Along the broad central avenues, such as Esplanade, Rampart, Claiborne, one may ride for miles at a contented jog-trot, soothed by the drowsy tinkling of the bells on the neck of a mule on duty, who shuffles very deliberately along the grass-carpeted track, content to linger under the overarching branches of the ancient oak and tallow trees, while across the broad roadway on either side—each an ample street in itself—you can study the architectural nonentities called houses that line its uneven banquettes. Seldom rising to the dignity of a second story, heavily shuttered, and quaintly roofed with red tiles, Spanish arched and flower-embowered, they stretch in limitless lines, these small, frame, comfortless but picturesque abodes of an easily satisfied people.

Below Canal Street the city's history might partially be garnered from the naming of the streets. Bienville, its founder, is of course embalmed, not once, but many times over. But the street-naming in New Orleans has been made the subject of so many magazine articles that it need not be intruded into a flash-light of any particular significance. It is doubtless the most picturesque named city on the continent, embodying the nine muses, big and little heroes, first and second-class saints, poets and all the rest.

It was the day after that opportune wetting which opened Lauretta's home to me, that I said to One-Who-Knows: "Let us prowl."

"Where?" she asked, placidly, for she has her New Orleans at her finger-tips, and one has but to answer her "Where," and submit to her guidance, if one wants to be instructed or entertained.

"Somewhere in the region of Congo Square," I made prompt to answer. "Where the old Parish Prison frowns, and the tragic memories of the Mafia massacre linger; and the old Trémé Market leans in picturesque dilapidation."

One-Who-Knows is fairly saturated with local pride, and she has brown eyes that snap when one has displeased her. They snapped now:

"One does not speak of the Mafia business here as a 'massacre.' It was a necessity. A deplorable necessity. It had to be. Before that time—"

I hastened to exorcise the angry spirit I had evoked:

"Dear, let us prowl. Do not let us talk history. Let us garner a sheaf of romantic memories; and let the horrible ones die away. It is wiser to forget. Above all, we will not quarrel, you and I. It would be a waste of this luminous morning. We are out for a pleasuring. Shall we take a Rampart, Esplanade or Barrack car?"

One-Who-Knows looked at me with restored placidity. "One would scarcely take either for a pleasure trip. When one goes in pursuit of knowledge one walks if one is wise," she said, oracularly.

I wanted to be considered wise, so I declared for walking.

"And shall it be the Haunted House, the Voo-Do-Queen's Cottage, Congo Square, or, perhaps, if the day's light will hold, a trip to Bayou St. John, where the white-pillared houses of the old Spanish grandees hide behind trailing vines and crimsoning hedges. And we will walk; we will start by the way of Dauphine Street."

One-Who-Knows did not smile. She looked ruefully at her spotless white "duck" suit. I looked at it, too: "New Orleans women are brave to invade such streets with such immaculate draperies."

"What would you? One cannot swelter through a summer that lasts more than half a year. Allons!" And we alloned. I wanted to talk to her about Lauretta and Marie, and Marie's lover, who by chance was Lauretta's first adopted. But One-Who-Knows seldom wastes time in irrelevant talk about people, even typical people. She prefers places and happenings. I don't believe she had heard one word of my whole story of that wetting, when suddenly she halted me:

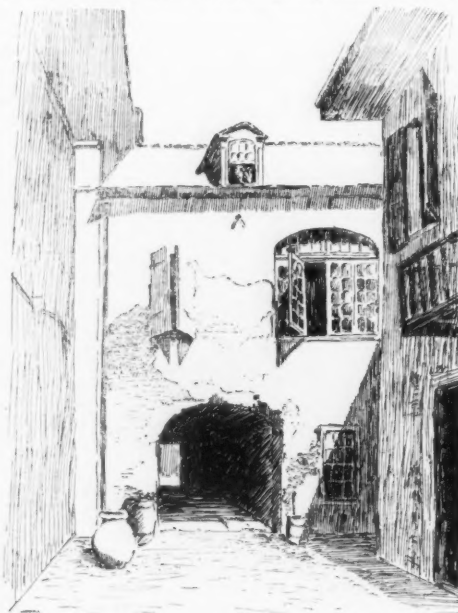
"One does not see such a bit as that often in a morning's walk. A king once slept in that house." I was not thinking of the king who had (perhaps) once slept in the old house, as, with my hands planted on the head of my umbrella, I took in as much as possible of its exterior. It was wasted on one who could not paint.

"Spanish," I said, tentatively.

But One-Who-Knows had darted into a tiny cobbler's shop across the street, mumbling something about a "tack in her heel," and I stared the old house out of countenance. It stood recessed between two taller houses and one only discovered it when immediately in front of it. The pink stucco had been peeled from its face, here and there, by the hand of Time; a dark arched porte-cochère formed the only visible entrance. Three windows pierced its scarred face, each a law unto itself. Close by the side of the gloomy archway an ordinary, small-paned, shutterless window looked straight out upon the cobble-d court, or square bit

of banquette, deeper there than elsewhere on the street. In a direct line above it, a broad four-sashed Spanish-arched window of magnificent proportions, capable of giving light and air to a whole mansion; and side by side with this relic of grandeur an inconsistent narrow slit in the solid masonry, unglazed, but closed against prying eyes by heavy green wooden shutters, hung on hinges strong enough for a prison door. Still higher, piercing the red-tiled roof, a dormer window, quaintly columned, and gay with flower-pots and trailing vines, crowned the architectural vagaries of the house where, once, "a king had slept."

On either side of the cavernous archway stood green painted barrels, from which aspiring vines clambered



A PICTURESQUE CORNER.

upward, clothing the scarred stucco-face of the old house with a tender veiling of green. A great water-jar—"Forty thieves jars" they call them—stood near the flower tubs, full of rain water and vigorously breeding mosquitoes to keep up the daily demand.

"Let us go under the archway," said One-Who-Knows, coming back from the cobbler's with a relieved step. "The courtyard is worth inspection."

We passed into the shadows, through the tunneled entrance to the old house, and came into the light once more, in a sunny, pink-plastered courtyard. There were wee bits of galleries everywhere, and, in every guttered corner, a huge stone water-jar. A wide winding stair led up it, on the outside of the house, from one spidery iron balcony to another, until the eaved rooms were reached—tiny rooms, with small square slits of windows overlooking the pink-plastered court, holding on their narrow ledges crimson geraniums and spicy carnations, which blossomed vigorously in broken bottles and sweetened all the air around them, the Cinderellas of Flora's family.

One-Who-Knows punched me with her parasol ferule. She had surprised a romance. "Romeo and Juliet: Balcony Scene," and I followed the direction of her eyes. Juliet, on the topmost balcony, leaning over the green iron lace-work of its railing, had just dropped a rather dingy-looking note at Romeo's feet.

She was rather a chubby-looking Juliet, with a pretentious nose, and a shock of rough yellow hair, only partially confined by a stiff Normandy cap.

Romeo was standing with his back to us, his hands thrust in the pockets of a rusty alpaca coat, and when he stooped to pick up Juliet's note he revealed the fact that his trousers' seat was in a wrecked condition. He threw back his head angrily to answer the note verbally: "Dieu! No capers, Dotette. One hour and a half I've given you. You know where to find me."

But Dotette only answered with a frown and disappeared behind the geraniums and the carnations. Manifestly he might as well go, too. He turned on his heel and passed rapidly out of sight under the dark tunnel. He did not even glance at us. We were no more to him than the big yellow water-jars. I could have touched the arm of his rusty alpaca coat. He looked angry and disturbed. The blood had mounted into his brown cheeks, turning them to a brick-dust-red. I knew him at once. I had seen him twice before. It was Marie's lover, Lauretta's "first adopted."

Absurd that I should be getting so mixed up with a lot of people whose names even I did not know. I walked silently by the side of One-Who-Knows out of the sunny courtyard, into the dingy cobble street beyond, wondering if Lauretta knew. I could imagine her great clear honest eyes taking fire at anything akin to treachery.

One-Who-Knows halted at a street crossing, holding her white skirts daintily above reach of the black slimy ooze that flowed past us in the open gutters in a sluggish stream.

"It is a pity to waste so much blue sky and sweet sunshine on the Parish Prison. One is more in sympathy with the wretched on a dark day. We should do Bayou St. John to-day."

I nodded acquiescence. One always acquiesces when One-Who-Knows makes a proposition. I was

busy studying a telegraph pole. Perhaps nowhere else is the telegraph pole made an adjunct to the undertaker's office. From afar one sees the black-bordered double sheets of paper with which the telegraph pole is encircled. Perhaps, one, two, as many as five, of these sombre placards are *en evidence* at once. At closer quarters one can read the printed announcement of death, with name, age, residence, time and place of interment, with usual invitation to friends and relatives. One need never plead ignorance of Death's ravages. One-Who-Knows did not care for the black-edged literature. She did not give the pole a glance. While I was trying to decide if I should like to be publicly posted in that fashion, after I had shuffled off this mortal coil, she was waving her umbrella at a car-driver.

He stopped. We got in. More miles of green-arched, grass-carpeted avenues; fresh stretches of low-browed, tile-roofed wooden houses; more drowsy tinklings and shuffling progress, and then the waters of Bayou St. John lay wrinkled and shining under the clear sunlight. A red bridge spanned the bayou where we left the car. Small craft of many shapes swung at anchor in its smooth waters. Old houses, of ample proportions, stood along its banks, veiling all but the smooth white columns of their classic facades from view behind blossoming magnolia trees and bride-like white crape myrtles. Rough wooden boards furnished a fair substitute for sidewalks. Even the ditch-sides flaunted their gay bits of princess feather and begrimed lantanas.

One-Who-Knows turned resolutely away from the bright-red bridge: "First of all our respects to the veterans." And we tramped for a mile along the wooden plankway, stirring up swarms of bare-headed, tattered children of every nationality under the sun, in our progress. One-Who-Knows stopped to ward off a fight between a red-haired girl, whose freckled face was empurpled with rage as she made a dart at a boy twice her size, using the loaf of bread she had been sent to fetch as a missile. The reward of the peacemaker is waiting for One-Who-Knows somewhere, I am sure. She left sunshine where she had found clouds. "Queer," she said, knitting her brows philosophically, "but swarms of children always denote extreme poverty. Why, I wonder? There are some of the Vets."

A roofed platform over the water's edge. A dozen or more old men, battered, listless, waiters for the end, uncoated, some smoking, some chaffing, some dozing.

They looked at us indifferently. We were only two more women, come to gaze at them and their retreat, as one would gaze at any other relic or fossil. Perhaps we would carry them through the visitor's catechism, asking them "How many years they had been there,"

"Where they were wounded," and "Were they well fed in the Retreat?" or, perhaps, we would have the good taste to remember that they were not there on exhibition; to sign our names in the visitors' book and go away. We did neither. We leaned over the low drab-colored fence that encircled the pretty house, and looked at the shiny black cannon and the freshly painted caisson, which looked small and harmless on the close-clipped grass of the lawn. Some black and white ducks were holding a convention close under the shadow of the caisson. They had just arrived, in single file, from the lily-padded pond we could see under the spreading branches of a great sycamore tree. We could smell the heliotrope that lifted its great purple clusters above a bed of pink and white petunias. Two old soldiers were pottering about among the flowers, making believe they were busy. Another was lazily shoving a lawn mower over the unclipped portion of the lawn. The smell of the new-mown grass floated to us with the breath of Archduke Jessamine and Mignonette. We were glad that life's sun was setting for the old soldiers amid such harmonies of color and fragrance, but we did not want to catechise them, and we did not care to add our insignificant names to the roll of honor. So we pottered around a little among the squabbling, bare-foot children, who got under our feet at every step, and then we went back to the bridge, to be in sight of the "snail route" car when it should be going back the way we came.

We lingered long on the red bridge that spanned the Bayou St. John. It was worth lingering to see the vivid water life stretched out before us. There lay a fruit boat, with the great flapping leaves of the banana tree tied in bunches to its masts. Dark-skinned Dagoes clamored about it for their retail supplies; small pleasure boats were "to let" in numbers; gayly painted craft, bobbing serenely at anchor, awaiting a customer.

One came presently, and One-Who-Knows and I lost count of everything else in our surprise.

"Romeo again," she said, softly.

"And Juliet," I answered, craning my neck to watch the progress of the small craft, as with a few swift strokes Marie's lover sent it spinning through the smooth water, right under the bridge.

I looked directly down upon the couple as they passed beneath the bridge. The brick dust-red still burned in the lad's cheeks. In the girl's eyes a sort of terrified defiance blazed.

"They have been quarreling," said One-Who-Knows.

"They look unhappy, both of them."

"Yes," I said. "He ought to." Then I got in my story about Marie and her lover. While I was telling it the little boat had been swallowed up from our line of vision, beyond the high rushes that fringed the bayou's banks where it is not navigable for craft of any larger sort.

"Doubtless they will make it up some fashion," we said, and dismissed them from mind.

Perhaps it was half an hour later before we decided that we had watched the unloading of a lumber lugger until we were tired. We must take the next infrequent car. It came our way eventually; we got in. There was only one other passenger. It was Romeo. He looked ghastly pale. In his hands was a rolled-up damp thing from which he was absently plucking some bits of green slime. I studied the parcel furtively, and clearly defined the crumpled folds of Juliet's Normandy cap. Romeo was alone.—(See page 5.) J. H. WALWORTH.

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## THE MELBOURNE CUP.

AUSTRALIA'S GREAT RACING CARNIVAL.

By CHARLES BRADLEY.

**T**HAT far-away continent Australia, almost ten thousand miles distant as the crow flies, surrounded by islands that are still held by savages, many of them cannibals, has, in half a century, reached the highest point of civilization attained by the most intellectual nations of Europe and the most advanced States of America. In all athletic pastimes—in boxing, rowing, cricket, and even in the exclusively American sport, baseball—Australia has won world-wide recognition. In horse-racing it will scarcely condescend to recognize that any other country is its equal.

Truly the Melbourne Cup is a greater show than the English Derby, or any single race meeting of the Ascot and Goodwood order. It combines the elements of all three, and must consequently of course eclipse the Grand Prix of Paris. This is a daring statement, when it is realized that the population of the whole of the colonies does not number that of London.

We will describe Carbine's year. Carbine has made history—Turf history—and his records are placed alongside those of the best bred racers of America and Europe. It is the dawning of the great day when all Australia, with bated breath, makes pause. To-day a greater display is made than on the anniversary of the Landing of Captain Cook, who is recognized as the discoverer of the country. It is the greatest holiday of the year in Melbourne, not excepting labor day, with the carnival of thousands upon thousands of the industrial hives who celebrate their victory over the capitalists, when it was made law that eight hours should constitute a day's labor.

Special trains have poured their thousands into the city from all parts of the country. From the other colonies the steamers and the overland trains have been crowded for days past with ardent sightseers who year by year take possession of Melbourne at the racing carnival. The hotels are all crowded. It is the harvest of the boarding-house keeper. Accommodation is at a famine premium, and many visitors have to be thankful for the rest they snatch upon billiard-tables, couches in the bathrooms, or wherever there may be any scant convenience.

Bright and azure the festal day dawns, and the sobbing of the sunlit sea, around the rocks and margin of the bay, seems to spread o'er until it reaches the silent city and causes its awaking. Soon tens of thousands are astir, and the highways are aglow with color, and filled with happy life, all eager for the carnival. The surface cable cars, moving along slowly, baffle vehicles and other endless traffic en route for the racecourse. The cars are very heavily freighted, and the cabins, with their many varieties of conveyances and motley cargoes, are happy in the garnering of a golden harvest. At every few paces, all over the central part of the city, with indefatigable industry, the vendors of cards of the races—horse and carter lunged—ply lucratively. By the general post-office, a magnificent pile of masonry, crowds are congregated along the wide pavement, on the steps, beneath the porticoes. Many are fighting frantically at the temporarily erected ticket boxes to purchase admissions for the "Lawn" or "Hill" of the racecourse. The latest tips are being exchanged on all sides, and the sporting papers, damp from the presses, are scattered broadcast.

Carbine is in almost everybody's mouth, though every horse running, whether an outsider or on the eve of being scratched, is a favorite with some one and voted safe to pull off the event. Still, Carbine is the ladies' favorite, and the "bookies" fear him. His record is unrivaled. He has finished in front of every racehorse of note on the Australian turf. His achievement of winning in a seeming canter the Melbourne stakes at the last meeting, with three lengths to spare, was considered phenomenal. For this the handicapper has given him top weight for the Cup running—ten stone five pound. This is the cue for the croakers. "Yes, he is a marvelous horse, but the weight! He can't do it."

Those seeking the racecourse by railway crowd the street cars to an alarming extent, many of them hanging upon the outsides of the conveyances at the evident peril of their lives, so eager are they to reach the depot where tens of thousands are fighting frantically to board the trains to be in time for the first events. Many thousands make the journey afoot, and only to those acquainted with the sights and scenes on the road to the English Derby, the Flemington road on the day of the Melbourne Cup is a sight never to be forgotten. Streams of pedestrians in multitudinous guises pass on in ceaseless procession. Buggies and carriages of every conceivable build, hansom cabs, spring-carts, barrows, shandalarans and nondescript conveyances, bearing their human freights of all castes and conditions, roll on and on unceasingly.

A very large number of four-in-hands halt on the road near an open space called the Haymarket, awaiting the Government House party, and the horns are kept in full blast, making things lively. The outriders, in bright new uniforms, are seen galloping along the road, heading the vice-regal cavalcade, and the "brakes" are very soon under rein. A detachment of a guerrilla species of cavalry, known as the Victorian Mounted Rifles, one of the most picturesque corps in the world, gallops past in brown rustic uniform and slouch hat. Then follows his Excellency the Governor of Victoria, handling the ribbons of his "four-in-hand" with the nonchalance and ease of an old stager. Although not more than thirty, he is the representative of the Queen of England and was sent out by the British Government to preside over the administrators of a rising empire that is republic in everything but name. Right

royally he is presiding on this occasion, helped by the Governors of all the Australasian colonies, who are his guests during the racing carnival, and with their ladies, dressed in the height of fashion, recline in handsome barouches drawn by the most elegant and light-stepping horses procurable, attended by powdered coachmen and footmen. Then follow the aides-de-camp in uniform and a company of mounted police. Afterward, amid a deafening flourish of horns, the drags fall into line like a four-in-hand meet and sweep onward to the racecourse.

Viewed from the Flemington Heights, that overlook the racecourse, the great crowds on the Lawn, the Hill and the Flat present one of the most huge spectacles perhaps ever witnessed in either hemisphere. The great amphitheatre, in which so many hard races have been ridden, is peopled by myriads of human beings, all thickly clustering at various points, and swaying to and fro at intervals like the upheaval of waves, rolling on and on with kaleidoscopic effect. From the furthest limit of the Australian continent, from New Zealand and from the remote South Sea Islands, the vast concourse of humanity has gathered. Even Europe and America has its representatives. The settlers in the mallee and the gold diggers from Bendigo and Ballarat, many of whom originally hailed from California, help to swell the crowd equally with the toilers of the metropolis. Afar off, on all sides of the inclosing hills, wherever a track can be found, like the swarming of ants they come, in lines oblique and zigzag, in curves as the roadway guides them, thousands upon thousands, swelling the mighty throng that is rending the air with the shouts of joy or disappointment as a favorite wins or is beaten by an outsider. How toy-like the cabs and carriages descending by the yellow roadway appear, and the echo of a horn, whenever there is a lull in the roar of the multitude, how strangely it sounds!

The Flat of the Melbourne racecourse is free to everybody, and the great mass of pedestrians, too poor to pay for transit or entrance, are thronging across the track within its inclosure scarcely less happy than those who are able to pay for the privileges of the lawn and grand stands. What a heterogeneous mass! The shabby-genteel individual is here rubbing elbows with the slouching bushman who came to the city after getting his year's wages with a delirious idea of having "a great time" at the Melbourne Cup and enjoying himself *à la prince*. So he does have a great time on the night before the Cup, but he remembers very little of it, and at one fell swoop has lost all of his savings of a year. This does not deter him from seeing the Cup. He can do it with not a cent in his pocket. He is sure to find somebody sympathetic enough to share with him a crust of bread and cheese on the "Flat." An Australian bushman is a happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met sort of chap, and everybody is willing to shake hands with him. He is in many instances a ne'er-do-weel from England, with some sense of honor and chivalry that he never loses even in the "back blocks." He never wishes to go back to snug respectability again. "Australia is the most free-and-easy country on earth," he says; the rest of the world he has forgotten. Among the crowd on the Flat are all the elements of rollicking fun; side-shows of almost every character, as at a country fair, and the populace, how orderly!

It is from the Hill that the best picture of the course can be obtained. This is the vantage-spot of the "well-to-do" workingman, who pays to see the race. Here can be realized what a glorious arena bountiful Nature has ready provided for the sport-loving Anglo-Saxon who has sought a new home so many thousands of miles from the shades of the old "meets." It is a slippery and intricate climb among family groups in picnic array, around the crowds that are supporting the many small cash bookmakers and the promoters of sweepstakes, but by windings in and out like unto a Chinese puzzle garden it is possible at last to reach the stand.

"The Hill," viewed from the "Flat" or the opposite slopes, appears like a precipitous sea beach covered with shells of darkly variegated hue, occasionally glistening as the sun passes over the lines of fleece that fleck the firmament. The myriad shells, as they appear afar off, are the dense thousands of people congregated, cager as the old Romans in the amphitheatre for gladiatorial displays, to cheer the triumphant.

The view of the racetrack from the Hill is very fine. On the right, just beyond a salt water river that glistens like a streak of silver, is a gentle rise, its verdure freshly green in the bright sun rays. It is occasionally shaded by countless knots of sightseers, while at the crest is a roadway lined by many picturesque homes, some of them at this season charmingly ensconced within rich folds of November blossoms. It is just on the eve of summer in Australia, and Nature has donned her showiest regalia. Veering by the natural curve of the Heights, that like a horseshoe incloses the course on three sides, the effect is almost dioramic, constantly changing in the ever-varying sunlight. Tufts of bush, knolls of woodland, winding tracks and precipitous paths, broad and yellow roadways, blue smoke rising from hidden spots to the brightly azure skies, windings, illuminated by the sun, flashing with the brilliancy of huge diamonds, pedestrians and carriages emerging in countless directions, railway trains gliding along the various lines, miniature in the distance, approaching and returning on both sides of the surrounding hills—these are some of the fair sights; while, on a line with the judges' box, far away through the seeming formidable heads of the verdure-clad harbor—for such is the Melbourne racecourse—against the pale southern sky, are depicted the tall masts of ships at anchor in the bay beyond, and nearer, to the left, the great chimneys and picturesque spires of the city of Melbourne.

Considerably over one hundred thousand persons have assembled at the "Cup," and the ensemble presented is magnificent. The artistically designed grounds and wide terraces, the fountains playing, the exquisitely appointed retiring-rooms beneath the commodious and conveniently constructed grand stands, the almost perfect regulations and supervision, reflect the highest credit upon all in authority. The velvety lawns are covered with the most brilliant assemblage Australia has ever witnessed. Carbine's year is destined to be memorable from every standpoint. Votaries of Ascot, of Goodwood and of Epsom, Americans who have seen races run in all parts of the world, agree that the Mel-

bourne course on Cup day is a revelation of all that is interesting and beautiful. Later in the afternoon, just before the great race, the scene is most brilliant. So closely are the people packed on the lawn that to those on the stand it appears that one could traverse from end to end of the grounds on a sea of multi-colored parasols. Scarcely a blade of grass is visible, for the promenading mass of elegantly dressed women. They look like a moving garden of flowers. Nature's real bouquets, roses and lilies-of-the-valley, are plentifully worn on bosoms and in belts to match the artificial flowers of the tastefully conceived hats and bonnets.

The event before the Cup has been run. The numbers are posted, and the red flag confirming the result is hoisted, telling the bookmakers that they may begin their payments. The eager clients who have spotted the winner cluster round the well-known members of the ring, holding out their tickets with the rapacity almost of half-starved mortals gasping for a meal.

Now commences the betting in real earnest for the chief event of the day. What a world of wealth is exchanging hands! "Five to one, Carbine," the favorite. "Ten to one, Admiral." "Here you are, sir, hundred to five, Gatling." How the money pours into the book-makers' satchels!

The inclosure known as the "Bird Cage" is remarkable for an unusually animated scene. From the commencement of the day's proceedings till the last of the Cup candidates is mounted, the agitated condition of the crowd tells of the intense interest all share in the impending event. Here may be observed his Excellency the Governor and the gentlemen accompanying him, deeply interested in the proceedings. A little further, in earnest conversation with a prominent politician, stands a worthy judge, whose austerity of manner, even under the festive conditions that surround him, plainly illustrate the force of custom. At his right a trio of barristers are grouped, discussing with much gusto the chances of this, that, and the other horse; and near them is a popular pastoralist, one who has succeeded in winning an enviable position in public favor, more, it is generally allowed, by an honorable attachment to the turf than by any other means. Strolling by him, in marked contrast, are a couple of Melbourne's "up-to-date" dudes, not altogether a common sight this side of the line. Struggling past in endless mixture may be noted types of every nationality; strangers illimitable, and representatives of every profession. Here walk in fitting association the artist and the muse, and yonder the emblems of speculative success in the form of a familiar "Silver King," who moves with the unmistakable freedom of the millionaire, in company with a now affluent land boomer.

To complete the picture, "The little bits that sparkle" are found in the animated sprinkling of the gentler sex, promenading with charming grace, escorted by their brothers—or very probably the brothers of others. Verily the "Bird Cage" at this moment presents abundant food for reflection, the sum total of which is health, wealth, sport and democracy.

The bell rings, and very soon the majority of the competitors file from the saddling paddock out upon the course and perform their preliminary canter. Ten thousand pounds in prize money has drawn together a great field. "Fifty thousand dollars! Gee whiz!" says an American. Thirty-nine of Australia's choicest racers start in this big event. Every eye singles out Carbine as he is being tugged along the course by a small boy at the bridle, who has some difficulty in getting him to the starting post. He seems thoroughly unwilling to exert himself. With his beautifully formed head and neck, fine middle, great depth through the heart, well-placed shoulders and marvelous strength contained in his quarters, Carbine is rather a study for the horseman than a model for the superficial observer; but a ringing cheer goes up as the magpie jacket and scarlet cap make their appearance.

The familiar form of Australia's veteran starter, George Watson, is soon after seen, flag in hand, galloping down the straight to the starting-post. Then the thirty-nine starters line up.

A few minutes later the flag falls and the sound of the electric gong is heard, followed by a shout from at least twenty thousand throats—"They're off!"

The sun blazing brightly sheds its full glare around the course, enabling all who have any sight of the struggle to distinguish the gay colors as the mighty phalanx thunders past. Not a heart that does not throb, not one in that vast field that does not share the excitement; for this is the contest for the most valuable handicap in the world. The bright canary jacket of Tarcoola is the first to lead, but Cuirassier springs to the fore on passing the three-furlong post. As they sweep past the Lawn, all the colors showing, almost every horse straining, The Spot makes a leap forward. Then at the river bend the rose and black stripes of Whinlrel are seen ahead. Eyes are strained and glasses leveled all round the course, and as each horse by turn springs to the front, great shouts go up, of partisans and backers.

What of the supporters of Carbine? "Where is Carbine?" is now the cry of most. Faces begin to turn pale, and hands that hold glasses tremble, searching for the favorite. He has not yet found a place; he is patiently abiding his time, lying closely to the rails, quite in the rear, making pace without effort, losing not an ounce, gaining spirit at every furlong. Again, at the six-furlong post, Cuirassier's colors are seen in front. It is evidently a fast race, and the horse that can stay out the second mile will undoubtedly create a new record. The red and blue is seen to glide in front of Cuirassier, and the supporters of Enuc who can distinguish it give a cheer. As the turn for home is taken the marvelous pace gradually increases. Melos, the formidable, takes a place for a few seconds, then Carbine darts forward; and, as it were, with the velocity of a thunderbolt, clears himself of his frantic pursuers and tears past the judges' box two full lengths ahead.

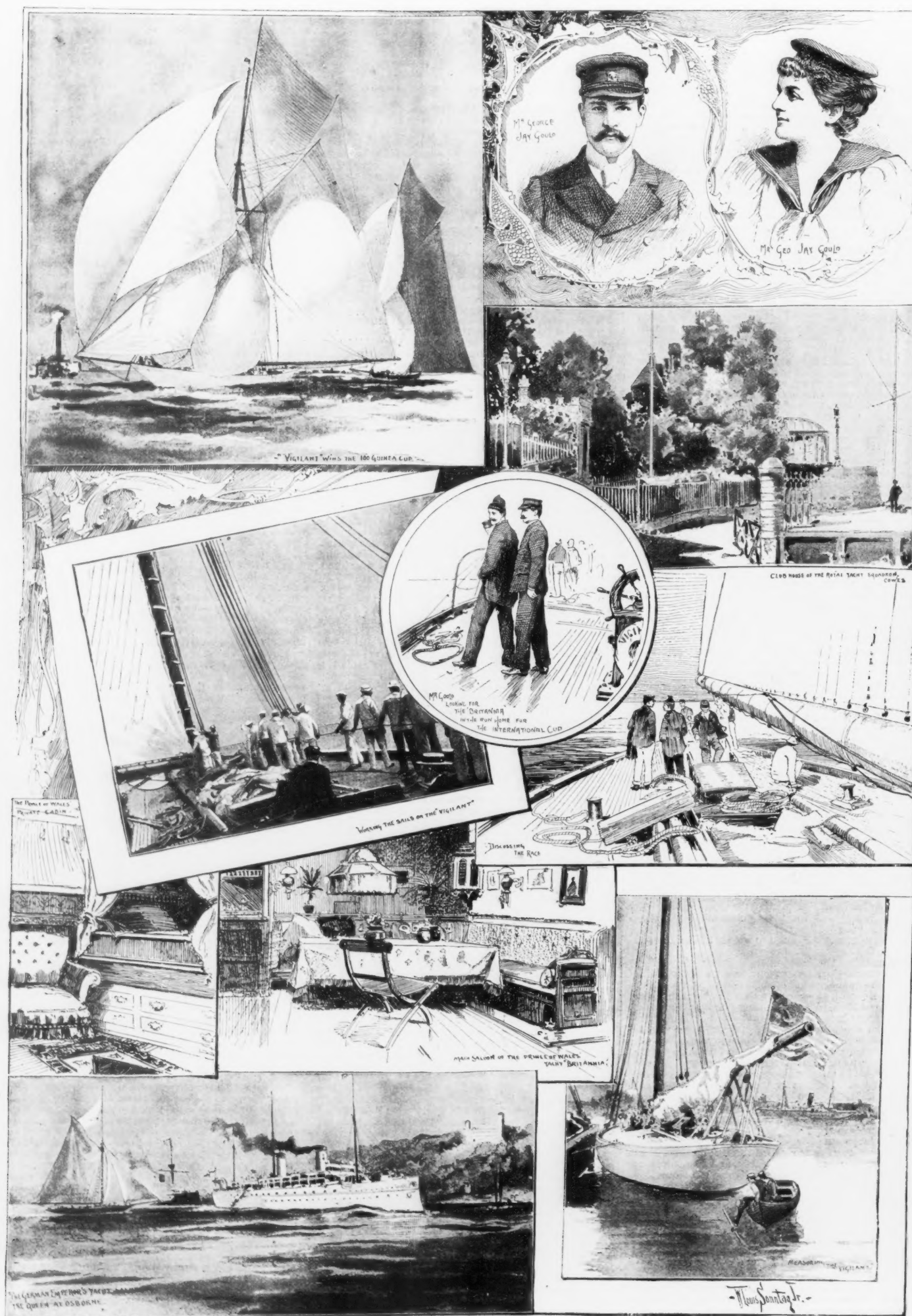
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THE REGATTA AT COWES, ENGLAND.—THE "VIGILANT" WINS THE ONE-HUNDRED-GUINEA CUP.



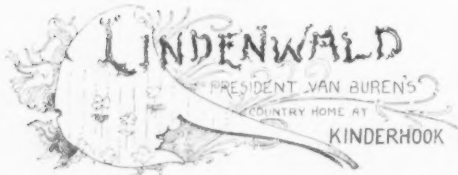


THROUGH THE CORNFIELD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HAUG.

## A SUMMER SHOWER.

The swallow round the chimney flies,  
The wind sweeps over the plain,  
Then wildly from the frowning skies  
Fall silver strands of rain.  
The trees are bending in the blast,  
The grain is beaten down,  
And o'er the landscape dark is cast  
As from a golden crown.  
Most suddenly a sunny ray  
That on the church spire glows,  
And spheres of crystal sparkle gay  
Upon the wildwood rose.—R. K. MUSKITTUCK.



ONE of the many brooks or creeks which add their waters to the majestic Hudson is Kinderhook Creek, in Columbia County, New York. It is neither broad nor beautiful, yet, when the century was young it attracted the youth of the county to its banks. Here the juvenile anglers cast their worm-baited hooks seeking to lure the finny denizen of sequestered nooks into ready baskets. Among the hopeful throng was "Mat," the tavern-keeper's son, who little dreamed that he, Martin Van Buren, was to be the Eighth President of the United States.

The village of Kinderhook (Children's Corner) is situated some four miles back from Kinderhook landing or Stuyvesant landing, as it is sometimes called; and near the creek at the end of the village stood, in the last century, a modest story and a half log house. It was a quaint, queer, long, low building in those days, with gable windows. It was commodious, too; for its owner, Captain Abraham Van Buren, here kept his tavern, accommodating the traveler and his beast, as well as furnishing a place for the public meetings of the citizens. With little effort the imaginative reader can picture the mighty flagons of spiced wines and huge bowls of tobacco mine host of the inn set before his customers at the bar on December 5, 1782, when he announced that to him a son was born. Indeed, the Van Burens—being of the original Dutch company of emigrants who, with the Swedes, founded the Kinderhook settlement, and who were related to many of the families in and about the region—celebrated the arrival of the to-be-honored stranger after the good old custom.

The inquisitive stranger can no longer have pointed out to him the birthplace of President Van Buren, but if he bend his footsteps to the cemetery he will see upon the crumbling stones the perishing records of the family. With time the cabin went its way, as the stones are now going; still, the descendants of other citizens will point out the house where President Van Buren lived and where Washington Irving put the last touches to his "Knickerbocker."

This residence, doubly interesting by the association of names inscribed on the pages of this country's history, was built, we are informed by an old-fashioned doorplate, in 1797, by a certain Mr. Van Ness, from whose descendant, William P. Van Ness, President Van Buren purchased it in the third year of his term of office. The house is of brick, and plainly finished. It faces the old Albany postroad and stands on a perfectly



PRESIDENT VAN BUREN'S COUNTRY HOME AT KINDERHOOK.

level lot of eight acres covered with fruit trees and grand old forest trees, mostly ash, locust and white pine, some measuring three feet in diameter. A broad porch, supported by colonial columns, faces the road, and upon it opens the entrance to the main hall, which divided the floor with one great room on either side. On the floor above was a similar hall and two great rooms. This original plan was altered in after years. Each of the first and second story rooms was divided into four smaller rooms. At the rear of the main building was added a one-story extension with five rooms; surmounting this was a tower having the appearance of an old mill. In this strange-fashioned annex was one long, low room which President Van Buren fitted up as a library. Beneath the entire building there is a large, commodious cellar or basement. The portion immediately under the extension was the kitchen and dining-room. At the back door is still to be found the time-honored, weather-worn pump and well of delicious cold water.

Some thirty years before President Van Buren purchased of Mr. William P. Van Ness this old estate which

Low Rates via Nickel Plate Road.

had been rented for twenty years and cultivated for one hundred and sixty years, Washington Irving, then a young man, visited the Van Ness family. This was the eventful period in his life. Miss Matilda Von Hoffman, the second daughter of Jeremiah Ogden Hoffman, for whom he cherished the fondest attachment, had just died, and the blow this affliction had brought him was still severe. Then, too, he had not decided upon a profession, and the fears of the future arose before him grim and terrifying. It was at this time he visited the Van Nesses and met in their school-teacher the original of Ichabod Crane. In these big rooms young Irving told the small boys of the family the stories he afterward put into print, and by so doing added another magic charm to the historic banks of the Hudson; beneath the shade of the spreading forest trees he put upon his first book the last touches.

When President Van Buren made his purchase the estate contained about two hundred and forty acres, for which he paid about sixty dollars per acre. Some of it was in wood, some in cultivated acres, and much in grass. Besides the main dwelling were a farmer's cottage and the usual outhouses. About one hundred yards to the rear of the house was a vegetable and flower garden. Here President Van Buren erected a greenhouse. To this estate the owner gave the name of Lindenwald, doubtless secretly hoping the American peo-



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

ple would class it with Monticello, Mount Vernon, Montpelier and The Hermitage.

Immediately after his retirement the President went to Lindenwald and took up the quiet but active life of a farmer. He loved farming, and did much to raise the standard of the pursuit in the adjoining country. Although sensible of the dignity of his position he loved to mount his horse in the morning and ride among the farmers to converse with them about their common interests. He cared little for ornamental or landscape gardening, and while he beautified Lindenwald, it is conspicuous for its lack of shrubbery. The great lawn he kept smooth, well watered and cut so that it was always like a great green velvet carpet, and the gravel road entering at gates on the public highway, one hundred and fifty feet apart, was always raked, shining in the sunlight.

For many years President Van Buren lived at Lindenwald the life of a retired gentleman, undisturbed by the lively discussion agitating the great political parties and disturbing sections so soon to be drawn into armed strife. Peacefully and quietly, amid the hills of his birthplace, slipped away his last years, and on the twenty-fourth day of July, 1862, in the eightieth year of his age, he died at Lindenwald. The funeral services were held in the old Dutch church at Kinderhook. A great throng of country people gathered in the sacred edifice to attest by their presence their respect for their distinguished fellow-citizen and companion of early life. Without any of the pomp and the circumstance attending the interment of a dead chieftain, Martin Van Buren was laid away among his forefathers in the old burying-ground on the northern border of his native village. To-day the tourist may stand before the west side of a shaft of Montpelier granite and read this inscription:

MARTIN VAN BUREN.  
VIIIth President of the United States.  
Born Dec. 5, 1782.  
Died July 24, 1862.

On the same side just below are these words:

HANNAH VAN BUREN, HIS WIFE,  
Born March 8, 1781; Died at Albany, N. Y., Feby. 5, 1819.

On the north side is this inscription:

MARTIN, SON OF MARTIN AND HANNAH VAN BUREN,  
Born Dec. 30, 1812; Died at Paris, France, March 19, 1855.

Near this tomb lie the remains of Captain Abraham Van Buren, who died April 8, 1817, at the age of 81, and those of Mary Van Buren, wife of Abraham, and mother of the President, who died Feby. 16, 1818, in her 71st year.

After President Van Buren's death the farm was sold to Adam Wagoner, in whose family it remains, much the same as when sold by the heirs of the President.

One of the most conspicuous of President Van Buren's sons was John, better known by the sobriquet "Prince John," who for some years was conspicuous at the Bar and in politics. He was a large, fine-looking man, with easy, engaging manners which made him very popular and gave him great personal influence. For a time he was the Attorney-General of New York; but was best known as "Prince John"—a prince of good fellows.

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MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER,  
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TWO NEW NOVELS,  
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THE HEART OF THE WORLD,  
BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN,  
BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD  
STRASSE,  
BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANS-  
GRESSOR,  
BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING,  
BY W. HEIMBURG.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS,  
BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

GLORIA VICTIS,  
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A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES,  
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FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW,  
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# A GHOST.

By every man a shadow walks,  
Unheeded, all unseen;  
Unlike, and yet so strangely like—  
The tie is close between.  
Mayhap in dreams we see the wraith,  
And waking, wet with tears,  
We feel that some sweet, chiding voice  
Spoke from the vanished years.  
To every man that spirit comes  
When throbs the heavy heart,  
When sorrow to the sombre soul  
Bids even hope depart.  
Thro' all life's weary, wand'ring way,  
That shadow by our side  
Speaks softly to our inner self,  
Rebukes our petty pride.  
Aye, by your side that spirit seems  
To tread as if in woe,  
While toward the land where ages sleep  
You wand'ring, weeping go.  
You ask me what this shadow is,  
This weird, wan, wrong'd twin—  
The ghost of what you cannot be,  
The man you might have been.  
—EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

# THE ROAD TO TOWN.

N every yard of it there lurks delight. The charm of vagrancy takes hold upon you, before the front lot is past. For it is no trim clipp lawn that stretches to the big outer gate. Instead, a longish bit of ground, set with red oak and white in neighborly clumps. The trees are lusty and tall—so much so that they may easily have sheltered the tents and council fires of the vanished Cherokees. All the space is overgrown with tussocky turf, chance-sown, and mowed only by the teeth of grazing stock. In the spread of it, blue grass neighbors red top, orchard grass sits cheek by jowl with the wiry sylvan savage, known hereabout as "Nimble Will." Over and through all, white clover spreads, holding fair to the wandering bees its thousand chalices of pinky pearl.

Either side there are hedgerows riotous of blossom, almost the year through. Billows of roamy elder, trails of flowering brier and bramble rose, mark therein high summer's flood. A little later, golden-rod, iron weed, all the family of asters, make rich embroidery of purple and gold over the thick green. And earlier, at the first touch of the spring indeed, peach trees and plum thickets make a brave show of white and pink and crimson-scarlet. Chance seedlings all, the hand of gripping thrift would lay ax to their root as cumberers of ground far too valuable for such uses. But this landowner is soft-hearted toward whatever has life. The creatures of field and barnyard know his step, and follow wherever he goes. Is it too much to dream that the trees he has given root-hold know him too, and fling out grateful incense through their myriad blossoms?

Other hedgerows border the long lane. The passage of it is, indeed, a procession of flower and thorn. From the lane's mouth the road runs in long curves through screening woodland. It shuts away from casual gaze the plantation house, which is gray and square, and set about with clustered trees. The wood is a place of shadow. Either hand you see black trunks, slim and straight, running column-wise up to the green roof overhead. A place of silence, too. No bird sings here, though the hedgerow was wildly vocal. Now and again you catch the whirr of rapid wings, or hear a woodpecker hammering desolately upon a dead trunk; or maybe a crow caws harshly across the dusky sylvan aisles. You seem to have come into a world of mourning after the growth and blowth of the summer.

Now light breaks through the dark colonnade. The road dips, rises—you are in and out of the hollow. You have gone full-tilt down a steep red-clay bank, into the big road whereon all the country-side takes its way to town.

It is wide and red, and sinuously direct. That is, as roads go in this region of plentiful land. It has been from the beginning understood that he who found in passing the road not to his liking, had liberty to blaze a new track through the woodland either side. Now that is only approximately possible. There are more folk, more farms, whose fences run yearly near and nearer the highway's very verge.

Especially here in the negro settlement. The black people have bought such toy farms that needs must they claim every inch of them. One acre, or five or ten, is a ridiculous holding, where nobody has counted acres save by the hundred. The black farmer does not dream of living by his own morsel of earth. He has bought it mainly for static force—as the 'standing place whence in Archimedean fashion he is to move the world which looks so crushingly immovable. Here in these poor cabins, he houses wife and children, while he himself goes to plow and sow and reap for his old-time owner with whom he delights to keep still in touch.

For the most part the settlement's log cabins have but a single square pen. Here or there an aristocrat of poverty has put up a double house—the two pens set their own breadth apart, and the space roofed over to form an open-air parlor. Whether double or single the cabins have clapboard roofs, sharp of pitch, and "stick-and-dirt" chimneys standing outside. By the chimney you may gauge the thrift of the indwellers. If the funnel rises straight and truly four-square, plumb on the log shoulders, and a little way from the gable, then the houseowner looks so well to the ways of his household it is likely there will be soon a brick chimney, glass windows, a cistern, a lightning-rod, even the glory of paint and weatherboards. But if smoke eddies out of gaping charred holes in the chimney-shoulder, if the leaning funnel is propped in place, or has fallen utterly while there are headless barrels in its stead, you may be sure it will be much ado if the owner ever manages

to finish paying the purchase price of five dollars the acre—indeed that he is hopeless, and will end by being homeless.

Not for lack of earning, but through want of saving. He is a liberal soul—easy and fond of pleasure. There is the church just beyond—a bigger, squarer log cabin with a farm bell swung overhead. "Brudder paschure" gets many a dime and quarter from the unthrifty soul. Besides there are the festivals that good neighborhood requires him not to slight—the barbecues in summer, the Christmas tree and all the rest of it. He has a gun, too—a cheap breechloader, for which he gave exactly as much as his thrifty neighbor paid for a sleek cow. Having the gun, ammunition is a necessity. Ah, well! It is a question if after all the spendthrift is not really the wise man. What he spends he emphatically has; further, the spending is more Nature's affair than his own. Thence came the vivid senses, craving, crying out, and not to be denied.

"De drap-shot gang"—the women and children, that is—busy themselves in leisurely fashion with their gardens, or truck-patches, or the bits of tobacco, that are their own exclusive property. And you must be the veriest outland stranger if some one of them does not call to you a cheery greeting, asking familiarly about others of your household. As you hope to be ranked "Quality folks," answer them in kind. They have the most delicious small vanity of acquaintance—beside, they remember, from the old days, the difference between those so sure of their own position as to feel its obligation of graciousness, and those so new to the social purple as to fear compromising it by familiar friendliness.

Here comes a fire-new house. Everything, even to the stable-yard, is spick and span with fresh paint and stands rigidly in line. There abides the storekeeper who is likewise a tobacco buyer. He gets the crop of the settlement—the small farmers round about as well. Therein lies the store's main reason of being. The town is but three miles further on. Merchants it has in plenty. They sell, though, for cash; and the storekeeper gives credit. Credit that is often a snare. Once you are on his books, it is rather hard to get off. The best crop-years there is generally a little balance in his favor. Naturally continuing customers are uncritical of price or quality. Hence the obtrusive prosperity round about. It is insolent even by contrast with the lean beasts in worn riding gear, which stand patiently mumbling the bit at the rack in front of the storehouse. Ghostly creatures indeed they are, worn almost to shadows with carrying hither and yon black Caesar and his misfortunes.

The store stands atop a long ascent—too long and gradual for the name of hill. Fifty years of traffic have worn away the top soil. The present roadway is of deep red clay, sun-warmed, and beaten so smooth it is wellnigh gliddery. Wheels turn on it so easily, so swiftly, you see but a rim of shining metal, with a vague shimmer of spokes within. Hoof-beats, too, come back from it a rhythmic rataplan. Fast, faster the good beasts go, manes tossing, tails streaming behind, now and again a little shrill snort coming out of the full-opened nostrils! They step well together, these good blacks! Each keeps true in the collar. There is no darting or pointing in the stride that takes us eight miles, up hill, down dell, inside of forty minutes.

Breathe them a bit as you look abroad here from the highest point. The road cuts a bare field in twain. You have had no sense of climbing, yet you may look abroad northward across thirty miles of rich farmland, lying lapped all its breadth in blue haze, soft and warm. The houses gleam whitely through it. Great fields and wooded skirts shrink to terracy breadths. Deeper, mistier, more softly sunlit, grows the blue, running on to the verge of vision. At last it melts into a line of looming roundness that you know for a line of far Kentucky hills.

Yet the road runs wholly in Tennessee, and well southward of the State line. Look southward now. The land breaks there into long ridges like giant furrows. The same radiant blue fills the hollows in between. If you had receipt of fern-seed to walk invisibly over it, you would come presently to the river—the rippling Cumberland, making northward to Kentucky after its long dip in another State. Lacking that magic property, you will see it only in the town—the town whose roofs and spires and belfries now huddle fair to view.

Yet still it is two miles away. Nowhere else do you get such a sight of it, as the slope running down from the high place affords. It is a city—all but the people. They are a scant five thousand; yet here is culture and costliness. Poems in stone and marble—all that wealth and science can give by way of making life desirable. Strange to say, the town has likewise a suburb. It lies upon the hither side of a tributary stream that here makes into the Cumberland. And truly the suburb is a melancholy place—a straggling huddle of houses for the most part frowzy and unkept, drowsing in the sun either side the white turnpike, into which the red road has merged.

Yet it has business all its own. A post-office in the smaller of its two general stores, a blacksmith shop, a cooper's shop, one grocery and two saloons. But nobody ever hurries there—not even the mail-rider. Certainly it must lie close upon the borders of that land where it is always afternoon. The very geese haunting the three ponds have a slow and stately waddle.

You see a buggy flash past—but never think the driver of it is in haste. It is merely custom, which requires man and horse to show their mettle as soon as they have come to the turnpike. See our horses, the blacks, are wild for a race with him! Good lasses! you have no mind to take dust from anybody. Away! away! They tear along, sending a hail of small stones against the dashboard. What a heartsome tattoo the flying hoofs beat out! Ah! Ha! It is as one might have known—the newcomer can never live the pace they set. See him drop back, beaten but not sulking in defeat. He waves as we go out of sight. He has a fine beast, in that chestnut; but most likely the creature has come this morning two miles to our one. Steady now, pretty girls! Yonder is the bridge. As law-abiding citizens we must cross it at the walk. It is a lame and impotent conclusion to our journeying; but what would you? Here ends the road to town.

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## DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

**T**WO new Paris costumes are shown. The first is of white silk with a design of blue violets. The trimming consists of a lace flounce laid on flat round the bottom of the skirt, and a shaped shoulder-cape to match, standing well out over the huge puffs which form the sleeves. This gown may be worn at afternoon outdoor social functions, with very long gloves of a pale primrose shade. The hat is of white wired lace and is ornamented with black plumes. The other costume is in butter-colored silk dotted with bright green. The revers on the bodice are faced with green moire. The vest, with high throat-



PRETTY BLOUSES.

let and butterfly bow, is of white chiffon, as are also the decorations on the sleeves. The straw hat, which is a deep cream-color, is trimmed with a profusion of crimson roses and their foliage, and a black osprey. Pretty blouses, three in number, are pictured on this page. The first, of pink striped silk gauze, has a square yoke of lace shaped over the shoulders to form a sort of sailor collar at the back, this being edged with a puffing of the pink gauze. A frill of lace falls over the sleeves. The second is a very lovely blouse of black silk crape spotted and striped with pink and mauve flowers; the huge frilled sleeves are of black chiffon over mauve chiffon, giving a curious shot effect eminently pleasing; black over mauve is also used in the collar-band. The third blouse is of pale blue chiffon made with bouillonnés from the neck to the waist, and striped with cream insertion run through with baby ribbon.

The group of smart afternoon dresses, suitable for autumn wear, is worthy of study. The gowns are simple, yet very stylish, and will amiably submit to be covered by a winter jacket. The first is made of mulberry faced cloth trimmed with a striped ribbon of black and reseda green, and having a dainty vest of reseda green chiffon. A gown of blue vicuna is the next in order. It is trimmed with Eastern embroidery, cleverly contrived over the shoulders to form a sort of cape with pointed ends, pieces on the hips being almost of the same shape. Straight bands of the embroidery trim the bodice and skirt at intervals. The remaining costume is of bright brown cashmere, made



NEW PARIS COSTUMES.

with a full bodice, trimmed with frills edged with black watered ribbon, headed with narrow jet galon. The plain skirt shows a gathered flounce trimmed in the same way, and the yoke at the neck is curved to carry out the same idea as that followed in the flounce.

The little cut representing an English sporting costume shows an innovation which can hardly be called graceful, yet is undoubtedly sensible. Like all the newest features of feminine costume, the idea is borrowed from the men, who defy the ill effects of wet weather by turning up the ends of their trousers. The costume shown is in brown check tweed; the skirt, bound with brown leather, is arranged to turn up to any height required, by means of buttons on its under edge, and leather straps from the waist, fixed to the skirt with button-holes at graduated distances. The Norfolk bodice is bound with leather, and has leather collar and revers. The knickerbockers are of tweed similar to that used in the skirt and bodice.

What could be more charming in the way of children's costumes than those sketched on this page? A girl's suit of serge, with a basket-work surface, has a short plain skirt and a coat with a square collar of excellent shape, made with double plaits on the shoulder graduated becomingly in the front, and outlined with three rows of narrow dark blue braid. A pretty little skirt of dotted batiste, with a ruffle down the front and



ENGLISH SPORTING COSTUME.

a belt with a silver buckle, complete this dainty costume. A capital little sailor suit has a white serge blouse opening over a striped flannel V. The short navy blue skirt is prettily bordered with narrow braid laid on in two triple rows. A navy blue tourmalene is worn with this suit. The remaining girl wears a costume of blue serge faced with white, the prettily gathered vest being white also. Round the waist is a ribbon belt, and ribbon bows are on the shoulders. The boy is sensibly dressed in striped flannel as to his jacket and cap, and in white duck as to his knickerbockers and blouse. His striped necktie matches his coat. He looks very boy-like and comfortable.



SMART AFTERNOON GOWNS.

Some of the prettiest materials for summer dresses are the light tweeds and woolsens suitable for traveling costumes. The general effect is of tan or fawn-color, but little checks, and lines and dashes of

Here is a method of perfect renovation which has just been tried with absolute success. Take a lemon, cut it in half, remove the pips, and with one half rub carefully over the straw until the juice is exhausted. When the rind shows dirt, pare it off. Then take the other half, squeeze into a saucer, dip a soft tooth-brush into the lemon juice, and again continue brushing the hat very carefully until every particle of dirt is removed. Polish with a soft silk handkerchief, but beware of pressing too heavily on the brim, as all moisture in itself has a downward tendency. Place the hat on a table, rim downward, for a few minutes, and when dry, the hat will not only be cleaned but bleached at the same time. The whole process takes about fifteen minutes, and costs a lemon and a little patience.

Those ladies who possess coral ornaments would do well to look them up, for coral is all the rage just at present. At a party in Paris recently, given by the wealthy Baroness Von Königswarter, the hostess wore a gown of pale yellow silk embroidered with real coral sprays. Suspenders of a deeper shade of yellow, thickly studded and fringed with coral beads, crossed the bust; a high comb and a number of ornaments completed a most fetching toilet. Parisian jewelers have not been slow to take up the fad set by the Baroness, and the principal gem now seen in their windows is coral in a setting of pale amber plush.

Lawyer—"The jury has brought in a sealed verdict in your case."  
Prisoner—"Well, tell the court that they needn't open it on my account."



FASHIONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

red, blue, white and black are charmingly worked into the solid background, the result being a most satisfactory warm and pleasing tone. A skirt and coat of tweed, with a silk shirt in one of the colors of the tweed, makes a delightfully chic costume, and one which has endless uses.

## NEW WRINKLES.

THERE is nothing that soils or catches the dust more readily than straw hats, whether it be driving, walking, on a railroad journey, or at the seaside—everything seems to cake in the plaiting, to the detriment of what should be immaculate purity.

**\$1,000 in PRIZES**  
Divided into 4 lot prizes of \$150 each, and 4 lot prizes of \$100 each will be given for best designs for  
**WALL PAPER**

Send 2c. for complete detail information. Designs must be entered before Nov. 15, 1896. Designs not awarded prizes will be returned, or bought at private sale. No matter where you live, don't pay retail prices for wall paper. We make a specialty of the mail order business and sell direct to consumers at factory prices.  
**SPECIAL FALL PRICES:** Good Paper 2c. and up. At these prices you can paper a small room for 50c.  
Send 10c. for postage on samples of our new fall paper and our book "How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," will be sent at once, showing how to get 2c. effect for 1c. investment. Send to nearest address.

**ALFRED PEATS, DEPT. 70.**  
30-32 W. 13th St., NEW YORK. 136-138 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.



# PUFF, THE RABBIT.

**I** FIRST opened my eyes in a soft downy nest surrounded by a number of little brothers and sisters. About that part of my life I do not remember much, except that we passed our time very happily in the sunshine. One day a gentleman came to look at us, and I was taken out of the hutch and sold to him. Soon after I was packed in a small hamper and sent to his house. A boy carried me a short distance along a country road, and through a small hole in the hamper I saw my new home—a fine house surrounded by a beautiful garden. My spirits sank when I was left at the door, and I longed to return to my brothers and sisters. Just then one of the servants called, "Master Charlie, Master Charlie, your rabbit has come," and immediately after a merry voice sounded across the hall. I was taken quickly out of the hamper and clasped in the arms of a handsome boy about nine years of age. At first I felt very timid, but my new master caressed me so tenderly and had such a kind, merry face that I soon regained my courage, and Master Charlie carried me into a large dining-room to his mother, who, when she saw me, called me a pretty little white creature and many other sweet names. But what pleased me most was the sight of my own little hutch standing in the garden and looking on to a pretty flower bed. My master put me inside, and fed me with carrots and many dainties. After which, feeling very tired, I fell fast asleep, and I was awakened early the next morning by the singing of birds.

Soon Master Charlie came to see me, and brought my breakfast. Every morning he fed me, and then let me run about in the garden. What happy hours I spent there! It became my great delight to follow my dear young master about and watch him dig his own little piece of garden. One day he came with a paint-box in his hand and said, "Now, Puff, I am going to draw a picture of you, so you must sit up nicely and look as pleasant as you can." I was then placed near a rose tree, and Master Charlie began my picture, which took some time; but I tried my best to sit nicely and not fall asleep. At last Master Charlie pronounced my portrait finished, and held it up for me to see.

Alas! my disappointment. Was I so ugly? I had sometimes seen myself reflected in pools of water, but certainly did not look the same as in this picture.



CHARLIE AND HIS RABBIT.

My young master, seeing my look of dismay, said: "Puff, dear, it is not at all a good picture; it will not come right." This cheered me, and I rubbed my head against his knees. "I wonder, Puff," he said, "how you would look with a blue tail," and my little bit of a tail was painted a bright blue.

The gardener, coming past at the time, said: "Puff, how grand you are!" Master Charlie went with him to the grape-vinery, and I, feeling rather proud, walked toward the house, turning round occasionally to look at my tail, when I was startled by hearing somebody laugh, and looking up, I saw the cook, who, calling to the

housemaid, said: "Just look at that rabbit admiring himself."

Feeling very foolish, I hurried back to the garden and hid under a tree. Presently I saw my young master coming toward me with his mother, and I heard her say: "Yes, it is quite true your uncle has written to say he is sending you a pony for a birthday present, and it will be here to-night." Master Charlie threw up his hat and shouted "Hurrah!" greatly delighted.

I did not leave my hiding place, as I did not wish to be seen; but later returned quietly to my hutch. The next morning my master paid me a hasty visit and said: "Dear old Puff, I am going to look at my pretty pony, but I will come back soon." But the day wore on and he did not return. I shed tears of sorrow, fearing the new pony would take all my master's love. Just then I heard his voice, the door of my hutch was opened, and Master Charlie took me in his arms, exclaiming: "I will not leave you so long again, dear Puff, and to-morrow you shall go with me to see my pony. I have named him Bruno."

So the next day I went with Master Charlie to the stables. The groom stood holding a very pretty dark brown pony, with a long mane and tail, already saddled and bridled. Master Charlie was very anxious to ride, and soon mounted Bruno. He rode gayly up and down in front of the window, where his mother stood watching. Forgetting, in his delight, that he was only just learning to ride, he cracked his whip and away went Bruno at a quick gallop down the carriage drive, and to my horror I saw my poor young master fall to the ground. For the moment I closed my eyes with fright, but recovering myself, I saw him picked up by the groom, and heard him call to his mother, who came running out: "I am not hurt," and the groom said: "He has only cut his hand a little, ma'am."

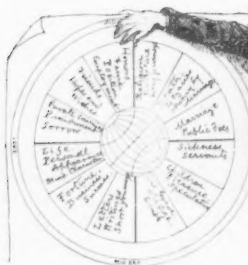
And now the time came for Master Charlie to go to boarding-school. I felt very sad at the thought of being separated from him. "Dan," I heard him say to the gardener, "you will take good care of Puff when I am away?"

"Indeed I will, sir," said Dan; and he kept his word, always giving me plenty of nice food to eat and sweet fresh hay to lie upon. I missed my dear master very much after he went to school, but now the holidays are drawing very near and we shall soon meet again.

EMILY BECKER.



THE LATE GEORGE INNESS LYING IN STATE AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.



# Our Astrologer

ries. He will be very likely to have some illness at the beginning of 1896; but otherwise everything looks fair for him for some years.

**Orion G. B., Georgia.**—This young lady was born in the sign Aries, and, if

she had directed her gaze to the Eastward, shortly after sunset on the day she was born, she would have seen the beautiful constellation after which she is named just appearing above the horizon. In person, she should be rather tall, sanguine to dark complexion, face long or oval, brown hair; she should be ambitious, active, determined, and somewhat quick tempered. Her Horoscope is badly afflicted by the evil planets Saturn, Herschel and Mars, and she will meet with a good many disappointments. But she is fortunate in having Venus in the Mid-Heaven, well aspected; and this fact will mitigate the evil. She has a strong constitution, and is more liable to accidents than to serious illness. Marriage will be unfortunate for her, but she will probably marry a man of middle stature, large head and face, dark brown hair, large gray eyes; he will be of a scientific turn of mind, sober and prudent; but too grave and serious for her, and this will make trouble between them. She has a very fine, intuitive intellect, exceptional reasoning powers, and a fondness for investigation which amounts to more than mere curiosity; she is very subtle and diplomatic, and very clever in reading character. She is mirthful; fond of the arts, and possesses skill in them; and she will have success with people generally, and with the public, if brought in contact with them. Her early years were not fortunate; there was family trouble, or some evil, for several years after she was six years old; which may or may not have specially afflicted her; 1889 should have been fortunate; since then not so favorable, and probably some special evil late in July, or at the beginning of August, 1894. There is no misfortune in sight at this time, however.

**G., New Orleans.**—This young man was born with the sign Leo rising, and the planet Neptune in the Mid-Heaven. He will be a large man, big boned, with broad shoulders, light brown hair, and blue or gray eyes. He will have rather a hoarse voice; probably has a birthmark near the heart. He has four planets in the third House, and will be likely to make many journeys that will be pleasant and profitable, though not always without danger. He will be very intelligent, with a special tendency toward aptitude for any calling that will keep him active; in time he will doubtless become interested in local affairs wherever he may live. He is fond of music and singing; will be witty and rather sarcastic, and is inclined to be self-willed; he will not always get along well with his kindred, will be impulsive and rash. He will be very versatile, and will turn his attention to many vocations—with a certain degree of success in all of them. He will do best in some business connected with liquids; will be very impressionable, and easy to be led in a new direction. He will be fairly successful in life, will probably inherit property or money; but his fortunes will be uncertain. He is indicated to marry a woman described as of medium height, stout, brown hair, clear complexion, of an excellent disposition; altogether a desirable match, probably with money. He will have little ill health, and should enjoy a long life.



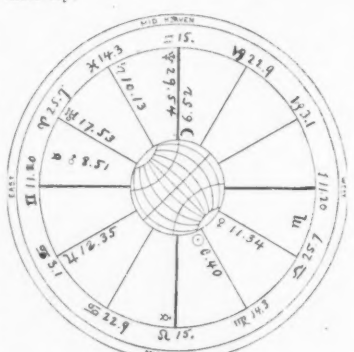
**T., New Orleans.**—This boy was born under the sign Gemini, with the Sun, Moon, Mercury and Venus rising, and Saturn in the Mid-Heaven. He will be rather tall, well formed, brown hair, good complexion, very quick and active, and with a remarkable intellectual endowment. He will be a good orator; delighting in art, science and literature; fond of society, and a favorite with the opposite sex. Would learn languages easily. He will be successful in life, but will be liable to sudden losses. He will travel a great deal, and will be interested in unusual and occult subjects; but he will have much trouble with his correspondence and papers. In general, he will reach fame and fortune, aided by prominent and influential persons. He will be successful in marriage; his wife being indicated as very pretty, somewhat stout, fair complexion, light brown hair, a very captivating person; and he will probably marry young. He will be bold and fearless, somewhat rash. His health will be generally good, though he will be subject to fevers, and to bladder troubles. He has an evil aspect of Mars and Herschel which affects his disposition, and he should keep out of quarrels. He will have trouble in love affairs, and should beware of women until and after he meets the one he mar-



**J. F., Rhode Island.**—You were born in the first degree of the sign Scorpio, with the Sun, Venus and Mercury in the Mid-Heaven, and the Moon rising. You should be rather tall and well formed, with sanguine complexion, brown hair, full face, and dark eyes. You would be generally successful—at least, until past middle life; and would be very likely to be elected or appointed to public positions or places of trust. And you would do well in trade; particularly if connected with literature or science, or where women were the patrons. Speculation and games of chance, or betting, would go against you. You would make your own way in life, as your friends would be of little service to you. You have evil aspects which would eventually cause financial misfortune. The planets Neptune, Saturn and Mars, in close evil aspect, indicate misfortune to your father, and that the latter part of your own life will be afflicted; you will not find the present time, or for a few years to come, very favorable for you; though 1896 and 1899 will show improvement. It is doubtful if you married; but, if you did, your wife is described as of medium height, compact and well made, brown hair and eyes, with an excellent disposition; and the marriage would be a fortunate one.

**H. D. H., Georgia.**—This young lady was born with the sign Aquarius occupying the Ascendant, and will grow to be very handsome, with a usually gentle and even temper; interested in study, and artistically inclined. She will be of medium height, stout, well formed, with brown hair and eyes, and has a strong constitution, and is blessed with good health and a long life. Her Horoscope also shows good fortune for both her parents. Her only danger will be from accidents, and from feverish complaints. She has Ven. s in the Mid-Heaven, which

gives success in life, though she will probably never be wealthy. She is likely to gain property or money by inheritance and by marriage; and she will be fortunate if her interest lie in land or agriculture. She will not marry very young, but may marry more than once. Her first husband (if she should have two) will be a stout, well formed man, with light brown hair and gray eyes, sanguine complexion. A good orator, interested in art and science, with pleasing manners, ingenious and thrifty. If she should marry a second time, her husband will be taller, very handsome, with oval face and high forehead, brown hair; proud, and rather distinguished. She has little to fear in her infancy and childhood, except that she should not be exposed to cutaneous disorders; she will take them easily. She may have some sickness at 7, 10 and 14; but there is nothing serious in sight, and she has a very favorable nativity.

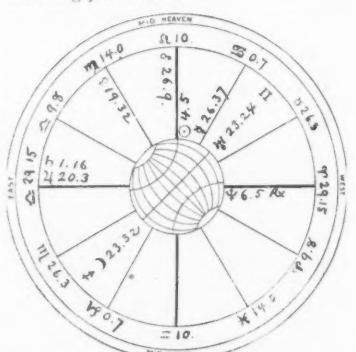


**E. B., Arizona.**—You were born with the sign Gemini rising, and the planets Neptune and Saturn in the Mid-Heaven, nearly in conjunction and in opposition with the Sun. In appearance you should be tall, well proportioned, dark sanguine complexion, brown hair, probably hazel eyes. You would be ambitious of fame, fond of study, possessing excellent abilities, scientific, temperate in eating and drinking. You would have a quick fancy; sharp, turbulent wit—inclined to sarcasm; and you would be clever at chemistry, or anything requiring manual dexterity. You would be eccentric, and have curious ideas, especially about religion. You would travel a great deal, both long and short journeys. You would be likely to have some vocation which would cause you to handle liquids frequently. You have Jupiter in the House of Fortune, well aspected, and would be likely to gain by inheritance and by legacy, and to handle a great deal of money, but you would have heavy losses, and litigation would go against you; and you would be very likely to come in conflict with the public through your acts or opinions. You would be, at times, very fortunate in speculation, or in games of chance; and then, suddenly, very unfortunate. Very probably you would reach some good position, and you can adapt yourself to many vocations. You would be likely to marry a woman of medium height, inclined to stoutness, round face, sanguine complexion, dark hair and gray eyes. It is possible from your Horoscope that you would marry twice. You will be likely to have trouble and annoyances through women. You had evil aspects at 19, 21, good at 24, evil at 29-30, good in 1882-83, evil 1884 to '88, good in '91 and '94, to continue through 1895. Of course all these conditions are only comparative. Your health should be generally good, but you are liable to disorders of the bladder and kidneys.



**G. W. McL., Florida.**—You were born with Mars rising in Scorpio, in opposition to the Moon, and should be short and stout, well set, broad face, dark complexion and hair; in disposition ambitious

and passionate, rather rash, excelling in any pursuit. You probably have a scar or mark on the face. You are witty, brave, fond of the opposite sex, generous to improvidence. You have a strong constitution, and are long lived. Should be merry, and a favorite in society, would have many and valuable friends. You should make money easily—and spend it freely; in fact, would never be rich, and would have a good deal of financial trouble. You would make a good many journeys, of which long ones would be unfortunate and short ones fortunate. You would not be likely to marry early, and marriage would be unfortunate for you. Your wife is described as of medium height, oval face, pale, dark brown hair and eyes, an agreeable person—rather sickly. You are not unlikely to marry twice. You are very persevering, and are inclined to be thoughtful, and would take an interest in scientific work. You had evil periods at 13-14, 19-20, and in September, '89; probably a good period in the latter part of '84, and will have evil ones in 1896-97; probably afflicting your fortune.



**H. F. R., Arkansas.**—You were born with Saturn and Jupiter rising in the sign Libra, with Scorpio filling the ascendant, and are of medium height, well formed, with brown or dark hair, dark complexion and gray eyes; in disposition generous, willing to oblige anybody; overfond of argument; bold, and somewhat headstrong. You will have fluctuating fortunes, but will be generally prosperous; and will be aided by firm and influential friends; only, liable to occasional unexpected financial worries. You are ambitious, quick at figures, studious; you would have success in connection with literature. You would make long voyages, and they would be fortunate. You ought to be a good mechanical engineer, or succeed in any vocation connected with fire, or sharp instruments; would make a good soldier and gain promotion. In some way, you will be highly appreciated—though you will be liable, at some time, to fall a victim to slander. You are indicated to marry a rather small, sharp-featured woman, pale, with black hair, gray eyes; she will be apt to be extravagant. You have probably not been very fortunate since 1890, with occasional improvement; and you need to be very careful of your affairs for some years to come. Your health should be generally good, and your life long.

The greatly increasing interest felt in the art of Astrology has determined ONCE A WEEK to publish hereafter an Astrological Department, under the direction of a skilled astrologer. Any person filling out one of the coupons printed in each issue of ONCE A WEEK and sending it to this office, with one dollar, to pay the necessary expense, will have published a brief Nativity and a Chart of the Heavens at the time of birth. Comply absolutely with the directions; write with ink, and plainly; in giving birth-hour, state if A.M. or P.M. No attention will be paid to coupons not correctly filled. Address "Astrological Department; ONCE A WEEK."

THERE are 12,690,152 families in the United States, of which 47.80 per cent own their own farms and homes, and 52.20 per cent hire and pay rent. Of those who own farms and homes, 28 per cent have encumbrances, and 72 per cent are free of mortgage debt. The farm families number 4,767,169, of which 66 per cent own their own farms, and 34 per cent hire. In 1880, only 25.56 per cent of the farms were hired. New York has the highest per cent of home tenancy, 93.67; Chicago, 71.27; Philadelphia, 77.24; Brooklyn, 81.44; Boston, 81.57; St. Louis, 79.53; San Francisco, 78.46; New Orleans, 78.51; Washington, D. C., 74.80.

THE Chinese and Japanese are still sending fake news about that war they are having. Why does not one of our news agencies send a representative to the spot? The latest news is that the Japanese fleet has attacked Port Arthur.



# CHESS AND CHECKERS.

J. W. SHOWALTER WINS THE CUP AFTER AN EXCITING CONTEST.—PILLSBURY IS DEFEATED.

THE TROPHY FOR THE COMING YEAR WILL BE HELD BY THE MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB. A PROUD SUCCESS.

THE Manhattan Chess Club's representative, J. W. Showalter, defeated the representative of the Brooklyn Chess Club, H. N. Pillsbury, after an exciting game in the final round of the *Staats Zeitung* silver challenge cup competition, and thereby procured the trophy for his club for the ensuing year.

This year's competition, as played at the Hermitage in the city of Buffalo, proved to be the most exciting of the series, and it was a pretty scene, with hundreds of spectators, when Pillsbury and Showalter sat down to play the game, the issue of which was to decide the ownership of the cup for one year.

Pillsbury, with three and one-half wins to his credit, had the odds in his favor, as Showalter had only recorded three wins. A draw meant that the cup would go to Brooklyn, but a win for Showalter meant victory for the Manhattan boys. Showalter led off with an English opening, and from the very beginning things became lively. Attack and counter-attack followed, but on his twenty-second move Showalter won the exchange with a strong position. The final game in the contest we give below:

WHITE—SHOWALTER.		BLACK—PILLSBURY.	
1 P-K4	P-K4	21 Kt-K5	R-B3
2 Kt-K3	Kt-Q3	22 BxK5	B-B
3 P-Q3	P-Q4	23 BxR	PxR
4 Q-R4	P-B3	24 Kt-B4	Q-B2
5 B-Kt5	K-Kt-Q2	25 Kt-R5	Q-Kt3
6 PxP	QxP	26 Kt-B6 (ch)	NxKt
7 Castles	P-K5	27 P-Kt3	R-Kt
8 BxKt (ch)	Kt-B3	28 Q-Q5	P-Kt3
9 R-K	P-K4	29 P-Q4	P-R4
10 P-Q4	B-Q2	30 Q-B2	K-R2
11 Q-B2	Ct-C3 (Q-R)	31 R-Kt5	B-R3
12 Kt-Kt2	B-Q3	32 RxR	PxR
13 Q-Kt-R3	Q-Q3	33 Q-B5 (ch)	K-R
14 P-Q4	B-K3	34 QxP	K-R2
15 Kt-Kt4	R-Kt3	35 R-Kt	and Showalter announces a mate in four moves.
16 Kt-B4	Q-K3		
17 Q-Kt3	K-Kt		
18 P-Kt5	Kt-K2		

CHESS PROBLEM NO. 6.—BY S. LOYD, NEW YORK.

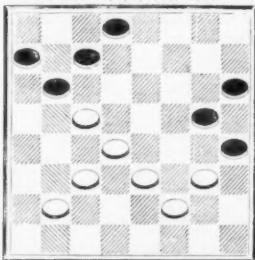


WHITE—NINE PIECES.

The above position was composed for the midsummer meeting of the New York State Chess Association, held at Buffalo. It illustrates the fact that, despite the unnatural grouping of the black pawns, they could be brought into their present position by six simple captures. As a problem is supposed to be an end-game from actual play, with all unnecessary pieces eliminated, it is sometimes very interesting to prove that certain positions could really occur.

CHECKER PROBLEM BY PERCY M. BRADY, OMBRO, WISCONSIN.

BLACK—2, 5, 6, 9, 12, 16, 20.



WHITE—14, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27.

White to move and win.

# FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.) Prof. W. H. PEEKE, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wanting a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



BY A "BLUE APEON."

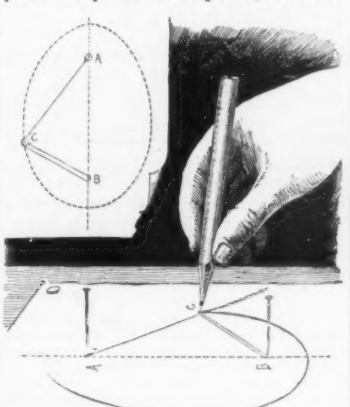
**PRESERVED WALNUTS.**—Prick the walnuts all over with the point of a very fine wooden skewer and put them into a vessel containing cold spring water, changing the latter every day for a full week. Take the nuts out, set them over the fire in boiling water, and let them boil till tender enough to admit of pushing in a clove and a piece of cinnamon. Do this to each walnut as you take it out of the water. Allow one and one-quarter pound of sugar to each pound of walnuts. Clarify the sugar, pour it over the walnuts and let stand till next day. Boil the syrup till thick, leaving enough, however, to cover the nuts completely; store them in stone jars well tied down with air-tight covers.

**PRESERVED PEARS.**—To six pounds of fruit allow three pounds of sugar, one quart of the best white wine vinegar, quarter of an ounce of cinnamon and the rind of one lemon. When just ripe, peel the pears very smoothly, halve them, remove the cores and wash the fruit quickly in fresh cold water. Meantime boil the vinegar, sugar, etc., skimming carefully the while, and put in as many pears as will lie side by side without overcrowding. Boil quickly over a brisk fire until quite soft, and no longer, otherwise they will turn brown and unsightly. Remove them with a strainer and, at them carefully in jars, stalks downward, never touching them with a fork; pour the syrup over them. After a few days boil up the liquor again, and when it thickens let it cool and pour it back over the fruit; repeat this operation within the week, and tie down with parchment soaked in brandy.

## SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

HOW TO TRACE AN EGG.

THERE are various ways of tracing an oval. A gardener will outline his flower beds by stretching a rope round two pickets and drawing it out all its length with his spade, marking the course described with its point in the earth. A draughtsman, substituting pins for pickets, a bit of thread for the rope, and a pencil for the spade, obtains exact tracings of ellipses of various kinds. An original method of continuously tracing an egg, much simpler than the long and complicated way usually adopted, is here given. Fix two pins, A and B, in your paper, and take a piece of thread longer than the distance between the pins and terminated at both ends in loops. Place one of these loops over the pin A, and place the point of the pencil, which we



shall call C, in the other, after having previously turned the thread round B. Now move the point of the pencil over the paper, keeping the thread always tightly stretched as indicated in the drawing. You will by this means succeed in tracing the half of the egg situated on one side of its axis.

To trace the other corresponding half, move the pin B with the end of the thread it holds in an opposite direction from the one first taken. You will thus complete your tracing, and the two halves will be found to exactly coincide. By varying the distance between the pins, and the length of the thread, you may obtain rounded or pointed eggs of any size and form. In the example given, the

outline of the egg incloses the two pins; by shortening the thread, this outline would pass between the two pins, without, however, altering the egg-shape of the tracing.

## OUR MEXICAN CITIZENS.

OUR Mexican citizen is something of an anomaly. In fact, he is a species almost within himself, and is peculiar in all of his actions. I refer, of course, to the average Mexican found within the borders of the great State of Texas. Generally speaking, the average Mexican citizen is gregarious in his habits. He believes in living close to his neighbor. On the outskirts of nearly every Texas town can be found the Mexican quarter. They generally pre-empt a claim upon land without much regard for ownership, and proceed to erect houses, or, more appropriately speaking, hovels.

These hovels are composed of a heterogeneous mass—scraps of refuse lumber, tin, barrel staves, and anything else the architect finds convenient to his hand. Many of them are adobes, built of sun-dried brick, and covered with anything that will keep off the sun and afford partial shelter from the rain. These houses are very small, averaging about twelve or fifteen feet square, and about six feet tall. They are essentially summer residences, but they serve our Mexican citizens at all seasons. Picturesque, you might say, but not altogether lovely in their simplicity.

These houses are built close together, and the Mexican citizen is quite social in his nature and habits. Indeed, a settlement is something like a large family. The men work upon the cattle and sheep ranches, make and sell tamales—a toothsome, shuck-encircled commodity of doubtful origin, whose principal ingredients appear to be boiled corn meal and red pepper. Hot tamales are generally active in the market, and retail at ten cents per dozen.

As a section hand on many of our great railways the Mexican citizen also finds employment, and his labor is cheap. The women are venders of Chili con carne, a very warm dish that has to be encountered to be fully appreciated. They are also venders of mocking birds and almost everything else imaginable.

With their diminutive "burros" attached to an ancient and primeval cart, these people haul prodigious loads of fuel and other marketable commodities. If the size of these little animals was in due proportion to their ears and voice they would not appear so remarkable. Ancient Biblical lore teaches that Samson's great strength lay in his hirsute embossing. Who knows but what the strength of this little animal is concealed within the volume of his mighty voice? The burro is a patient animal, but when he does lift up his voice in mild complaint all Nature is completely and effectually paralyzed.

The Mexican citizen is the direct descendant of the Mexican peon. He does not represent the intelligence, culture and refinement of the mother country. Long centuries of slavery have not been conducive to the peon's advancement and progress in all of the virtues that go to constitute good citizenship. He is dogged and determined in his nature, and crafty and unrelenting in his enmity. He is passionate in his devotion to his inamorate and invariably carries a knife for the rival who would rob him of the smiles of his dusky charmer. Many of our Mexican citizens have felt a keen knife in the near vicinity of where the Creator abstracted our maternal ancestors for no other reason than interfering with the progress of Love's young dream.

The greater part of family cares appear to abide with the women. In fact, they are apparently as much the slaves of their lords and masters as it is possible for them to be. They invariably have the care of a numerous and active progeny, in addition to carrying their end of the single-tree in the pull for sustenance and the necessities of life. They are not cleanly in their habits, and age rapidly. The buxom and comely young woman is soon transformed into the aged and weather-beaten matron; and from this point the further decline is rapid.

Texas contains many Mexicans who are in affluent circumstances, but they generally belong to the better class. They utilize the labor of their less fortunate countrymen in the augmentation of their possessions, and the word of Don Jesus Garcia, or whatever else may be his appellation, is generally the law with the retainer. They are satisfied with their little lot, for their acquaintance with life does not extend beyond the narrow limits that surround them. From father to son the feeling of dependence is transmitted from generation to generation, and its influence is far from elevating.

In the matter of citizenship they are below ordinary; the blessings of good government are not understood or appreciated. Their world does not extend far beyond

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MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

their surroundings, and they are accustomed to do as commanded by those who have authority over them. They can steal and prevaricate without much compunction of conscience, but this is not always the rule. They are generally law-abiding when it suits their convenience, and law-disregarding when it is to their interest. Many of our Mexican citizens are wearing the variegated garb of the zebra from an over-fondness for horse-flesh.

What is to be the future of these people? That is a perplexing question and difficult of solution. One of the grandest characters in Mexican history sprang from these lowly people. But if centuries have been able to produce but one Juarez, the evolution theory does not afford much that is consolatory. Juarez led his countrymen in a successful revolution that freed his country from the oppressor, and received his reward by being made President of the Republic. Juarez sprang from the masses—but alas! there has been but one Juarez.

These people are an interesting study. They are essentially primeval in their habits and customs, and appear to belong to a bygone age. But perhaps in the fullness of time there will be a great change in their condition, and the sluggish nature receive an acceleration that will hoist it into realms hitherto unthought of. There is certainly room for improvement, and in the eternal fitness of things the progress of our Mexican citizens should be forward.—(See page 4.)

HEC. A. McEACHIN, Austin, Tex.

Caller—"One of your sons is a minister and the other a physician, aren't they?" Mother (proudly)—"Yes; one preaches and the other practices."

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